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CHRONICLE

It seems prudent to remind readers of AMERICA: (1) that the war bulletin is but a record of facts as far as they can be ascertained; (2) that the Chronicle expresses the sentiments and conditions which obtain in the respective nations; (3) that Topics of Interest and Communications express the views of the writers, not the Editor's; (4) that the Editor's views are found on the editorial page.—Editor, AMERICA.

The War.—The situation in France has not materially changed. At the centre there is the same hopeless deadlock; on both wings there is the same determined fighting,

Bulletin, Sept. 29, a. m.—Oct. 6, a. m. with no decided advantage to either side. Both Allies and Germans in their dispatches claim that a steady advance is going on, but as the news of the week has been less detailed than at any time of the war it is difficult to know just how matters stand. Two movements, however, may be confidently stated to be in progress. The Germans have been making very strenuous efforts to break through the left wing of the Allies in the vicinity of Roye, with the result that the Anglo-French left has fallen back to a line stretching from Roye to Arras.

The Situation in France This has not given the Germans any decided advantage apart from the fact that it has enabled them to main-

tain their line of communications. The second movement has been the steady advance of the Allies toward the Belgian border. This lengthening of their line has seriously hampered both the German offensive and defensive operations, but the flanking movement has had no other success than this. The German right has not been turned and in spite of reports that it must soon be turned, it is in no worse a position, to all appearances, than it was a

week ago. There seems to be no imminent danger of its being crushed, a thing which is admitted at Paris.

In Belgium there has been a marked change in the military situation. Once the Germans had entered France they contented themselves with such activity as was

Operations in Belgium necessary to safeguard their position, and this policy they steadily adhered to, with a few exceptions, although they had the advantage in numbers and could have spared troops to prosecute active measures toward the reduction of Antwerp. They have abandoned this attitude and have adopted a very vigorous offensive, which is all the more surprising, coming as it does at a time when they can ill afford to spare a single man from either east or west. They are advancing on Antwerp from three different points, from Turnhout on the east, from Malines on the south, and from Termonde on the southeast. Already they have begun a bombardment of the southern line of the Antwerp fortifications, accompanied by charges of infantry. Their artillery fire is so heavy that it seems inevitable that the forts should fall one by one. It will be long, however, before they can take the city, which is said to be more strongly fortified than Verdun, and is defended by men who are certainly not less brave than the French. It is rumored that British and French reinforcements are being sent to them by way of the river Scheldt, but this is unlikely in face of the violation of Dutch neutrality, which it is claimed would be involved.

There has been a good deal of speculation as to the motive of the German change of plan. Of the many reasons assigned the most probable seems to be that the Germans foresee that the race of the Allies toward the north will not stop at the Belgian border, but will be continued in all probability as far as Antwerp. Naturally the Germans realize the importance of having so strong a fort-

ress in their hands rather than in possession of the enemy. It remains to be seen whether they can reduce it before the Allies have been able to join forces with the Belgians. At any rate this is no doubt one of the reasons for the terrific character of the assaults they are now making to complete the reduction of the Belgian fortress. Then, too, there is perhaps good reason for the constantly renewed fear on the part of England of Antwerp's being made a base for Zeppelin raids on London.

In the east the battle line extends in the shape of a huge wedge that stretches over more than 200 miles, from Simno in Suwalki to the vicinity of Cracow. There are

Russian Successes in Niemen four Russian armies engaged, in numbers that have been estimated at 2,600,000. At many places along this

line there have been battles of minor importance, but the main points of conflict have been at the two extremities. On the Russian right wing in Northern Poland the Czar's troops have fought a number of battles with the Germans along the river Niemen all the way from Simno to Grodno, and not only have they checked the German advance, but are said to have driven them back with great loss toward the borders of East Prussia. Important engagements have taken place, according to Russian reports, at Kalisz, and in the vicinity of Thorn, at Augustowo, Druskeniki, and Grodno; and although both sides suffered severely, in all these battles the Russians were victorious. The invasion of Russia, therefore, seems to have come to a close. Whether or not Germany is much concerned over this apparent failure is hard to tell. The fact that she made only a half-hearted attempt to land troops by means of transports at Windau under cover of her fleet and then desisted almost as soon as the forts opened fire, gives point to the statement that she desired to divert Russian attention from her main effort. This is generally agreed to be centred on fortifying her frontier from Thorn to a place somewhere near Cracow. It is along this line that the great clash between Russia and the Austro-German armies is expected. Not less than 2,300,000 men are said to be massed to resist the invasion of Silesia.

Whether this invasion is to be a thing of the near or the remote future depends largely on the outcome of the fighting going on at present along the Russian left wing

The Battle Near Cracow in Galicia. St. Petersburg is keeping an unwonted silence with regard to

this part of her campaign, but it is believed that a great battle is in progress, west of Tarnow at the river Donajee and within 35 miles of Cracow. The Russians seem to have met with a severe check to their advance. The reason for the delay which they themselves assign is the difficult country in which they are operating. It is just possible that they have found themselves at last outnumbered. Contradictory reports have been received about the invasion of Hungary, but if the word that has come from Rome can be believed the Russians have crossed the Carpathians and are en-

countering almost no resistance to their march on Budapest. The news is in all probability greatly exaggerated, because it is also reported that they are being vigorously resisted by the Austrians in the mountains.

On September 30, there occurred an incident which threatened to precipitate a break between the Austrian and Italian governments. An Italian fishing boat struck

Other Items of Interest an Austrian mine in the Adriatic and was sunk. Austria the following day offered to pay 1,000,000 dollars

indemnity and expressed regret. The situation, therefore, which was very tense for a time, has been relieved for the present. News now comes of the sinking of an Italian steamer with the loss of forty lives. No action by either government has so far been reported. It is said that only the illness of King Charles of Roumania has delayed the settlement of Roumania's position. The people are declared to be agitating for an alliance with Russia. As a consequence a meeting of the cabinet was called, but no steps will be taken until the King's health permits his giving his attention to the matter. Neither Servia nor Montenegro has accomplished anything of importance; on the contrary it is reported that Austria is about to take up a strong offensive campaign against them. In the far East military operations have begun in earnest. Tsing-tao is being bombarded from both land and sea by the Japanese; the German fleet in the Kiaochow bay is returning their fire, and is shelling the land positions of the Japanese. A further complication has arisen between Japan and China. China has stationed troops along the railroad in the Shantung peninsula, presumably with the purpose of preventing their use by the Japanese. Japan has declared that she will consider any effort to exclude her from the railroad as an unfriendly act. China on the other hand is afraid that Japan intends to take possession of the entire peninsula. She can see no other reason for Japan's occupying the railroads, which she claims are not at all necessary for her present operations. Bulgaria has definitely determined to keep out of the struggle. Not long ago Russia asked permission to use the Bulgarian railroads for the transportation of ammunition and other stores to the Servians. Bulgaria has refused to accede to the request, basing her attitude on the requirements of her neutrality. Reports from Berlin have given currency to the belief that Portugal is about to enter the war. It is said that English pressure has at last proved effectual, and that large bodies of Portuguese troops are about to be transported to France. Turkey, according to a dispatch from Constantinople, has closed both the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus, has sent two cruisers into the Black Sea, and has further strengthened her Black Sea defences. All this is taken to indicate a hostile demonstration against Russia.

Austria.—The impression left by the American press that Austria has proved an unsatisfactory ally to Ger-

many is contradicted by the German papers. Thus the *Kölnische Volkszeitung* speaks in enthusiastic terms of the valor of the Austro-Hungarian troops and the skilful generalship of the leaders. The constant reports of Russian victories are roundly denied. In regard to the retreat movement, the *Vossische Volkszeitung* says in substance:

The Austrians hitherto have fought with extraordinary valor. The fact that they were forced to retreat before the enormous Russian forces is not astonishing. But Austria will find ways and means to balance the inequality in numbers. We have the fullest confidence in our heroic comrades in arms.

The evacuation of Lemberg, which took place without a battle, is explained by the Austrian *Allgemeine Zeitung* as having been necessary for strategic and humanitarian reasons, since there was question of saving an unprotected city. While condoling with the unfortunate inhabitants the paper adds: "There is no sense in mourning over cities when empires are strengthened."

France.—"To-day at Notre Dame, Paris will pray for France," is the wording of an announcement posted a fortnight since, in the hotels and public gathering places

"Paris on her Knees in Prayer" of Paris. An American correspondent, long a resident in France, who introduces himself as the son of a Methodist minister of Irish blood and Huguenot ancestry, describes the temper of the capital as, "Paris on her knees in prayer." Within the grey walls of Notre Dame, on whose altars a Parisian rabble once enthroned atheism and immorality, the cry arose from the depths of fifteen thousand penitent hearts, "Have mercy, O God, have mercy on our country! Save France, save France, O Sacred Heart of Jesus!" One must have a heart of stone to be untouched with emotion on occasions such as this, writes the correspondent, who by courtesy of "a charming French priest," occupied a place in the sanctuary in company with fifteen hundred priests. What will be the lasting result to France of this extraordinary religious movement occasioned by the war? "Henceforth," writes a French critic, who is not a Catholic, "France's mentality will be mystic. One thing is certain: the experience of these days has demonstrated the emptiness of that philosophy which the professors of doubt and negation have been teaching our French youth." The price of war, though terrible, will be but trifling, if it ransoms the Eldest Daughter of the Church, and brings her home to God.

But the picture would be incomplete were it not pointed out that official France holds herself aloof from these demonstrations of Faith. At a Cabinet meeting Premier Viviani informed the Ministry that a number of petitions had been presented, asking an official proclamation of prayer for the success of the French arms. With the approval of the Ministry, the Premier replied that while "the creeds might do as they wished in the matter,"

the law did not allow the authorities to take any part in public worship.

The "clerical peril" so sedulously fostered by an anti-Catholic Government is fast disappearing. Everywhere priests have been distinguished by their heroism, and their

The Clerical Peril **devotion to the country** which banished them as enemies of the Republic is shared by the religious orders. The

names of seventeen priests, killed in action, have been reported. Among these is the Superior of the Jesuit Province of Lyons. The devotion of the Sisters with the Ambulance Corps to the wounded is all that their glorious record of service to suffering humanity has led the world to expect from them.

Germany.—A remarkable exposition of German industrial conditions has recently been made by the German Vice-Chancellor and Minister of the Interior, Herr Delbrück.

Industrial Conditions at the opening of the war had caused considerable unemployment in various

localities. To meet this situation the provincial employment agencies were merged into an imperial employment bureau. Representatives of capital and labor cordially cooperated in the great movement. The result was the instant location of laborers wherever they were needed, and the reduction of the total number of unemployed to six or seven per cent. of the country's workingmen. The rich crops of the year are all being promptly harvested, active industries, such as mining and ship building, are supplied with the proper force of able laborers, and the hours in the textile industries have been shortened. The main difficulty presented itself in regard to raw materials. A careful stock-taking of all available resources, with a view to an economic distribution of them, has consequently been undertaken. The supplies in many cases have far surpassed expectations. It is hoped, moreover, that neutral countries, especially the United States, will create markets in Germany for their goods. Germany, however, produces almost all bread-stuffs and meats consumed at home. The country, therefore, can scarcely be brought to starvation, and financial conditions are entirely sound. To prevent the harm which might come to small tradesmen, mortgage holders and laborers for want of credit, war banks have been instituted to meet the emergency.

In short, says Herr Delbrück, we watch affairs confidently and placidly. I have been a Minister nine years and have a perfect knowledge of the economic and moral power of my country. I am persuaded even from an economic standpoint that we are in a position to conduct this war, which has been forced upon us, to a successful conclusion.

It is the hope of the German press that with the successful termination of the war a lasting peace will be assured.

Great Britain.—England is nobly caring for the stricken Belgian refugees. Up to the present, more than

one hundred thousand Englishmen have offered personal hospitality, and the Government *Harboring the Harborless* Committee has found it necessary to refuse further offers. This recalls vividly the charity, public and private, which England afforded the French refugees in the days of the Revolution. By September 25, seven thousand Belgians had been placed in private homes, or in boarding houses appointed by the Government, and since then nearly three thousand more refugees have been cared for.

Mgr. Arthur S. Barnes, chaplain at Cambridge, has announced that the University has invited the University of Louvain to migrate to Cambridge, and there continue *Louvain at Cambridge* its studies, granting its own degrees, and continuing its own activities, as formerly, on its own foundation.

Cambridge will supply the necessary technical facilities. Hospitality in the way of living accommodations will be offered by the individual colleges and by private residents. The professors of the University of Oxford have offered a home for the winter to the children of the professors of the exiled Belgian University, an act of courtesy which has called forth enthusiastic thanks from Belgium.

Ireland.—Mr. Redmond's appeal to Irishmen to enlist in an Irish Brigade for English service on the Continent has not met an enthusiastic response. The Dublin *Leader*,

The Recruiting Question a supporter of the Irish Party, controverts Mr. Redmond's arguments.

The Home Rule Bill comes far short of "national liberties" and is hampered by a time provision, a weakening Amending Bill, and Mr. Asquith's promise to the Carsonites that they shall not be coerced. Ireland is over represented in England's armies already, and what with this and emigration forced by misgovernment, has not men enough left to till her fields. A recruiting is necessary to obtain men who can take advantage of the agricultural and industrial opportunities presented by the war.

The Intermediate examinations resulted in an even larger number of distinctions and passes than formerly for Catholic schools, and a reduction in the value and

Catholics and Education Tests quantity of exhibitions and premiums. The Catholic Colleges, schools and convents have more than maintained their former preeminence. The Christian Brothers' Schools, Cork, head the boys' list with 42 distinctions, Clongowes coming next and leading the colleges with 38. The Loreto Colleges of Dublin and Killarney and the Dublin Dominican Convent head the girls' schools. All this demonstrates once again the value of the work done in Ireland's Catholic institutions of learning.

Mexico.—During the past week this unhappy country was in a state of continual storm and stress. True, arrangements had been made for a peace conference, but

evidently Villa had little faith in its ultimate outcome. He continued his military operations and held some 30,000 men ready to attack the Carranzistas. He massed troops at Zacatecas, fronting his enemy's mobilization point at Aguas Calientes. Then he issued this proclamation:

I lament the circumstances that have brought about grave danger, but sincerely protest that my sole ambition will be to arrange existing difficulties without shedding blood if possible.

I emphatically state, however, that the only move that can bring about cessation of hostilities on my part is that Venustiano Carranza deliver supreme command to Fernando Iglesias Calderon so that in the shortest possible time elections may be called. At the same time I declare I shall not accept Carranza as President or Vice-President, or President ad interim of the republic.

I shall prove the rectitude of my intentions and the disinterestedness which animates the force of this division. Later the world will realize where rests true disinterestedness and where abortive ambitions.

On Monday, September 28, Villa was in control of practically all of northern and central Mexico. His power was felt in Sonora, Chihuahua, Durango, San Luis Potosi and Coahuila. He was within 300 miles of Mexico City. Meantime General Hill held 2,000 Carranzistas in readiness at Naco, Sonora, to resist Maytorena, who was advancing from Nogales with several thousand Villistas. The battle, which began on Saturday, October 3, was still undecided at this writing.

On September 29, the generals of Villa's army wired Carranza, who was in Mexico City, demanding that he resign and turn over the reigns of power to Calderon. In answer, the Constitutional chief professed a desire to do as requested as soon as possible, but protested that he would abide by the decision of the chiefs of his army from whom he held power. Later in the week it was stated that he had presented his resignation to the Constitutional convention assembled in the capital. The resignation was not, it seems, accepted. During this period of strife representatives of both of the great factions were in session at Zacatecas, September 30, striving to come to an agreement. On October 1, Benavides, secretary to Villa, telegraphed the Associated Press that elections would be held from October 5 to October 10, and yet shortly afterwards the battle of Naco began. Just what the outcome will be it is hard to say. Most probably Villa will have his way. He is a man of iron, while Carranza is a weak instrument in the hands of others. The triumph of the former will not, however, bring lasting peace. He is a man of blood, utterly devoid of the finer instincts. A few days since he caused two emissaries of Felix Diaz, who had come to consult him, to be shot and ordered that all agents of Huerta be served in a like way. Bishops, priests and Sisters, wherever found, are still treated with a ferocious brutality that beggars description. There is no hope for better things: for there exists both a determination and a systematic attempt to destroy, not merely churches and priests, but religion itself.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

A Protestant Dignitary on Infallibility

We discussed lately some charges against the Catholic Church, made by a Protestant Episcopalian dignitary. In doing so we reserved one, because it could be discussed adequately only in a separate article. Here it is:

The Jesuits and other ultra-montanists, it seems to me, came along once on a time with a strange and, so far as I can study Catholic history and dogma, novel idea about the infallibility of the Pope. You were strong, virile, determined. And behold your "intolerant" Roman Church bowed low in welcome, and embraced you.

Of course we can not guess how far the dignitary has been able to study Catholic history and dogma. He may have burned the midnight oil over it for years: he may have confined himself to such petty handbooks as Littledale's "Reasons" and its offspring in this country. He writes himself B.D.; but we know from experience that this is no guarantee of the possession of any theology. Among those responsible for an absurd memorial on the *Filioque*, drawn up in Florida for presentation to the last General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, though never, we believe presented—an article on it in AMERICA may have had something to do with that—was a Bachelor of Divinity. Whether his study has been little, or great, or middling, the dignitary will find it hard to prove his charge. It is one of those whispered about among Episcopalians, but rarely allowed to come to the ears of those who could refute them. That the dignitary has not hesitated to put it before us directly, if it indicates a lack of worldly wisdom, makes highly probable his good faith in his errors, and, therefore, encourages us to undertake his enlightenment.

We may remark in the first place, that Papal Infallibility is a matter on which it would be very difficult to form strange and novel ideas. With regard to the essential question, the only novelty possible is contradiction. The Pope is fallible; the Pope is infallible: there is nothing between. One can not say he is somewhat fallible, or rather infallible. It is a question of *is*, or *is not*. To say, then, that Jesuits imposed novel ideas on the Church in the matter, is to say that the Church for more than sixteen centuries said: the Pope is fallible. Then came the Jesuits, "strong, virile, determined," saying: the Pope is infallible; and the Church, submitting to their pressure, changed its mind. We can well believe that many ministers spread this monstrous absurdity among their people to deter them from going over to Rome; we never could have hoped to have it put directly to us as a plea that the Catholic Church is "in heresy": why not say plainly, "heretical"?

But, it will be said, many theologians in the Catholic Church have not admitted without limitations the uncompromising doctrine of the Jesuits. Granting it for

the sake of argument, we ask: were not they also "strong, virile, determined." Why, then, did not "the Roman Church bow low in welcome, and embrace *them*?" Why did it not follow the method of the Episcopal Church which leaves matters open questions, provided its ministers agree to differ on them? Moreover, we must repeat that any limitation put to infallibility means its denial. The words may be vague, the phrase may be devised to conceal its real effect, but the fact remains. "Do you consider the plaintiff a virtuous woman?" asked her counsel. "Oh, yes," replied the witness, "to a certain extent." "You may stand down," was the rejoinder. Infallibility to a certain extent is even more absurd than that. But whatever may have been the doctrine of those theologians, whether they were many or few, the Popes have given them no countenance in practice. As occasions arose, they acted always as if they were infallible in what the dignitary would call the strictest sense of the Jesuits; and the Church accepted their acts without question. Actions speak at least as clearly as words.

Let us consider the matter in which infallibility is exercised. No one confounds this with impeccability. Because we believed him infallible, we were none the less zealous in offering the Holy Sacrifice in satisfaction of whatever temporal punishment was still due to the sins of Pius X. No one pretends that it has anything to do with the administration of church affairs or with the Pope's relations with secular princes. It regards the special function of the apostolic office, to teach, to teach all nations, to teach with authority to which all are bound to submit, all the truths of the deposit of faith and the duties arising from them; and so the Pope is infallible when, from the apostolic chair, he teaches the whole Church a doctrine concerning faith or morals. This definition springs so clearly from the nature of things, that nothing more could be demanded; while infallibility could not exist with less. Here, therefore, we see no room for novel opinions on infallibility. If the Pope is infallible, he is so in that way; and if he is not infallible in that way, he is not infallible at all.

Perhaps the dignitary really means that Papal Infallibility is a Jesuit invention unheard of before their time. Let us hear St. Thomas who flourished long before the Jesuits appeared. He has a good deal to say on the Pope's authority. To consecrate or to release certain vows, to dispense with irregularities regarding the admission to orders, to grant priests the administration of confirmation and so on, all belong to him; and the reason is always the same, because he has the care of the universal Church and the plenitude of power. It may be said that those are matters of jurisdiction only. This is true; but it is also true that the reason assigned for the Pope's power in them is universal, and not confined to jurisdiction. To teach belongs more intimately to ecclesiastical authority than to govern. The Church has the right to govern the faithful, because it has made them such by its teaching; and its absolute power to govern

rests on the infallibility of its teaching. Hence the governing power grows out of the teaching power; and if this be lacking there is no intrinsic governing power, as Episcopalian know by sad experience. How full the Pope's power was in St. Thomas' eyes, the following will show: "The Pope has the plenitude of pontifical power as a king in a kingdom. But bishops are taken to share in his care as judges sat over particular cities." (IIIÆ Suppl.: xxvi, 3.) Whatever one may hold regarding the origin of this supplement, he will not deny its doctrine to be that of St. Thomas. Even should he do so he would have to admit that the *doctrine* of this text, whether he approve of it or not, precedes by long years the advent of Jesuits. It is natural that, at a time when all western Christendom was united in the one faith, questions regarding the Pope's authority should have regarded particularly jurisdiction; but had disputes arisen regarding his *magisterium*, there can be no doubt as to the solution St. Thomas would have drawn from his universal principle.

Nevertheless we are not left to *à priori* reasoning in the matter. Though the West was united in faith under the Pope, the East was schismatic; and it was hoped to end their schism in the Sacred Council of Lyons. St. Thomas, charged to draw up a work to this end, produced his book *Contra Errorum Græcorum*, of which chapters xxi to xxvii inclusive bear the following titles: "The Pope is first and greatest among all bishops; he has universal jurisdiction over the whole Church; he has plenitude of power in the Church; he succeeds to the power St. Peter had as Vicar of Christ; it belongs to him to determine what things are of faith; he is the ordinary superior of the other patriarchs; to be subject to him is necessary for salvation." Here St. Thomas lays down explicitly that to the Pope belongs the determination of what things are of faith. Elsewhere he teaches the same doctrine of Papal infallibility: "A new setting forth of the symbol is necessary to avoid errors as they arise. The setting forth of the symbol, therefore, pertains to the authority of him to whose authority it appertains to determine finally what things are of faith, so that they may be held with unshaken faith by all. But this belongs to the authority of the Sovereign Pontiff." (II. II, i, 10.)

St. Thomas, therefore, says, substantially, exactly what the later theologians say. He spoke according to the needs of his times. They found themselves in other circumstances. Not only was the Catholic faith assailed, but the divine constitution of the Church also was denied. They invented no new doctrine; but collecting the constant tradition of the Church established on the written word of God, from Fathers, Councils, Pontifical documents and theologians, they formulated it with special reference to the errors to be refuted, and their teaching was defined and confirmed in the Vatican Council. This is the course the Church has always taken in condemning error. It is characteristic of the living

Church to speak with a living voice, because in it dwells the Holy Spirit to give it life; and by this character the Catholic Church is distinguished from every dumb sect cut off from the fountain of life.

HENRY WOODS, S.J.

Moral Anesthesia

Modern medicine has become a witness to the supernatural character of Catholicism. Physicians and especially surgeons, out of their desire to record facts scientifically, admit that in its ministrations to the sick there is an influence which they can not fathom but which undoubtedly exists. The sick-room, the death-bed, the operating table, and even the wards of the insane asylum, all, according to their assertions, testify to the exercise of a power which is distinctly beneficial to the patient. Doctors and nurses, who have had experience, even those who in their private opinions are inimical to the faith, are quite ready to allow the ministrations of the priest, because they have seen with their own eyes that all he does, so far from being a hindrance, is often a very appreciable help. There was a time when the priest had to fight his way into the house of sickness; it was feared that his words and actions might unduly alarm or excite the sufferer, and thus lessen his chance for life. That time has passed, if not with the ignorant at least with the more learned, and now the representative of science sees not an enemy but an ally in the representative of the Church.

It would be too much to hope that any but Catholic doctors should be able to trace this power to its real source. Protestant, agnostic, and atheistic medical men can not be expected to find in it the working of supernatural agencies. Their admission of the fact is all that could be asked. No doubt some of them put it down to superstition, others attribute it to suggestion; but the term for it that is finding acceptance is moral anesthesia. This means that the priest accomplishes by action on the mind what they effect through the medium of drugs. He soothes and calms and quiets, instils confidence and gives courage, and in many ways strengthens the will to make the fight for health that is one of the most effective factors in the battle for life. This they admit; that he does so seemingly by anointing or sacramental absolution they can not deny, though in their hearts they resist the evidence. One thing, however, is clearly a necessary condition, as all see who investigate the matter, and that thing is faith. Without this the priestly power of healing can have no effect. Where faith is present, fear of the knife loses its harrowing features, and terror at the approach of death gives place to patient resignation. In fact faith makes religion's influence so gentle, so benign, that at least one surgeon has declared openly that he longs to have it, calling it a beautiful gift which he has been denied. He is like Pierre Loti in the Holy Land weeping over his lost power to believe.

If the source of the effectiveness of the ministrations

of the Catholic Church in the sick-room is hidden from those who do not believe, it is not hidden from us. Not to any merely human power, but to the power of God manifested through the sacraments do we attribute all that the medical world calls moral anesthesia. It is grace, God's supernatural gift, that is the reason why the priest can do what other men, more learned, more sympathetic, more tactful, can not do. No priest ever dreamed of attributing to himself the wonders he sees worked under his hands with the sick. He knows that he is only the minister of the divine Healer who touched men's eyes and ears in Galilee and made them see and hear. It is as one sent, one chosen, one with a mission, as a priest and not as a man that he has his power to strengthen and console. Nor is he alone in this conviction. The people also know it. Their confidence rests on no merely human agencies, they understand that whatever effectiveness there is in sacerdotal healing is due to the fact that the priesthood is the accredited medium for dispensing God's mercy to His afflicted children. The priesthood is the ordinary means for obtaining supernatural divine assistance. This is one of the commonplaces of Catholic belief.

Is it possible that this healing power of Catholicism may have an apologetic value? It would seem so. Certainly in the case of the surgeon just mentioned it was something like a voice in the wilderness of doubt. To him at least what he was pleased to call moral anesthesia was a beautiful, mysterious thing, hinting of a gift that was not his but which he longed to have. It had often led him to the threshold of a world which others entered before his very eyes, while he himself had been compelled to stay without. And then had come the wish that he might go where they, ignorant and lowly though they often were, were privileged to go. There was an obstacle to his entrance, and he could lay his finger on it. His difficulty lay in his lack of faith. This he saw clearly and he was free to say that he regretted its absence from his life. Here there was surely a wish to believe. And was not his wish to believe a step toward the truth? To an unbeliever, therefore, the Church's power to help the sick may sometimes give that first impulse to the will that is so necessary in all investigations of the truth. It might be made to serve even further.

Nothing is more common among scientific men than the use of working hypotheses. Where they do not know the real explanation of phenomena, they are accustomed to have recourse to the most plausible explanation they can find, assuming its truth until they have proved the contrary. Now medical men acknowledge their inability to explain moral anesthesia by natural means. Might they not, therefore, be induced to look into the explanation given by the Church?

This is a point well worth the consideration of those dealing with doctors and nurses who acknowledge the power of the priest but attribute it to moral anesthesia. Stumbling feet are at the border of the Kingdom of

God; another ray of light may lead them a step further to safety and peace. From whom shall the ray come, if not from those whose souls are flooded with light from heaven, the light of faith. J. HARDING FISHER, S.J.

The Young Man and Life Insurance Agency*

I know of no business requiring more character and honesty of purpose than does the selling of life insurance. The keystone of the arch of all successful salesmanship is the ability to gain confidence. If this be true in the sale of our daily necessities, how much more essential is it in the business of life insurance. The agent is not only selling an article; but is placed in the position of counselor, giving advice to his client in the arranging of his material affairs when he is no longer here to guide those to whom he has given the results of his life's work. Surely, it must be a man of character, intelligence and honesty of purpose to whom this all important work must be entrusted.

That the business of life insurance offers opportunities for young men is only too well proved by the fact that the most successful men in it are those who entered young. By young men, I mean those ranging in age from twenty-two to twenty-eight years, who serve their apprenticeship under some successful general agent, and determine to dedicate themselves to the work for life. Such men have the time to ground themselves thoroughly in the fundamental principles of the business, which are by no means so mathematical in nature that they can be grasped quickly. They are not handicapped by the necessity of making a living for their family, as is the case with married men. Furthermore, the great vocations, the ministry, law, medicine, teaching, are as a rule filled successfully because of the very fact that a young man from his school days is equipped for the profession and all his ambitions drive him to prepare himself with singleness of purpose for one thing.

Educated men, graduates of colleges, are better equipped in many ways than others for insurance agency. For the advantage of education is not in learning facts, but in the mental discipline and training that it gives. This sharpening of the tools, this releasing of the faculties and broadening of the intellectual horizon, will give those with an academic training an advantage over the untrained. There are many men, however, who have scored great success in the business, and are not college graduates; yet undoubtedly they would have been more successful with less effort, had they not been so handicapped.

You ask me the type of young man best adapted for this business. My answer is, the young man possessing the qualities mentioned, who is enthusiastic and not afraid of hard knocks, as the business is not easy at the beginning.

The life insurance agent of to-day is sought by bankers,

*The sixteenth of a series of vocational articles.

in the capacity of stabilizing credit by insuring the lives of men receiving accommodations from banking institutions. He is also sought by the directors of corporations and gives his professional advice on the protection of the capital invested, by insuring the lives of the important men of the corporations or partnerships. Last, but not least he is rendering to society a service surpassed in its sacredness and worth, only by the service of the priest and family physician.

The financial returns from the work are as a rule good. Indeed many men have built up fortunes as general agents of life insurance companies. Apropos of this topic I quote below a table compiled by the *Educational Monthly*, which points a comparison between the incomes derived from insurance agency and other professions. The statistics are based on the experience of 184 graduates of Yale College of the Class of 1906:

Average Incomes for Five Years—Yale Graduates of 1906

| | First Year | Second Year | Third Year | Fourth Year | Fifth Year |
|--|---------------|----------------|---------------|----------------|---------------|
| Insurance Agents..... | \$1,665 | \$1,150 | \$1,480 | \$1,908 | \$2,708 |
| College Teachers—Officials..... | 1,378 | 945 | 1,001 | 1,093 | 1,419 |
| School Teachers and Officials..... | 988 | 1,118 | 1,324 | 1,456 | 1,500 |
| Social or Religious Workers..... | 924 | 1,100 | 1,400 | 1,404 | 1,766 |
| Farmers and Ranchmen..... | 893 | 1,200 | 1,866 | 1,600 | 2,400 |
| Government Employees..... | 850 | 860 | 1,165 | 1,575 | 2,650 |
| Real Estate Dealers..... | 825 | 1,100 | 1,750 | 2,140 | 2,550 |
| Musicians..... | 750 | 1,100 | 1,450 | 1,700 | 1,350 |
| Advertisers and Publishers..... | 730 | 1,202 | 1,702 | 2,792 | 3,600 |
| Business Men..... | 717 | 885 | 1,246 | 1,657 | 1,967 |
| Journalists..... | 660 | 790 | 821 | 920 | 1,168 |
| Engineers..... | 650 | 942 | 1,352 | 1,286 | 1,702 |
| Manufacturers..... | 602 | 1,185 | 1,639 | 2,100 | 2,485 |
| Brokers..... | 537 | 1,376 | 2,086 | 2,237 | 2,695 |
| Bankers..... | 510 | 938 | 1,170 | 1,472 | 2,112 |
| Graduate Students..... | 487 | 542 | 425 | 447 | 370 |
| Lawyers..... | 358 | 339 | 608 | 927 | 1,244 |
| Foresters..... | ... | ... | 1,100 | 1,300 | 1,500 |
| Total Replying..... | 131 | 151 | 160 | 177 | 184 |
| Average Income for all Occupations..... | \$740 | \$968 | \$1,286 | \$1,523 | \$1,885 |
| Average Income for all Occupations, five-year period, \$1,280.82. | | | | | |
| Average Income for Insurance Agents, five-year period, \$1,872.33. | | | | | |

As a last remark it may be noted that some forty or fifty colleges in the United States are giving courses in insurance, and a standard text-book on the subject has been prepared and printed for use in the colleges and high-schools of the country. M. T. FLANAGAN,

The Equitable Life Assurance Society.

A Masonic Rejoinder

The *American Freemason* is greatly perturbed by AMERICA's exposure of the Craft and its activities. Its June number gave over five pages to our brief article of May 9 on Richardson's Allocution, the September issue devoted twice that number to our three-column reply of July 25, "Is American Masonry anti-Christian?", and we are now ruffling its October editorials. Whether owing to a disturbing consciousness that he had himself supplied convincing proof of Masonry's anti-Christian character, or that he can not afford to be as outspoken as he would like, the inconsistencies and wandering discursiveness of the editor's rejoinder render it inconvenient and unnecessary to follow up all his irrelevancies. It is creditable to him that he is also hindered by a natural disposition to be frank and fair beyond Masonic wont, as well

as courteous and dignified. He again repudiates "the scurrilous papers, that have prated much of Masonry" in the hope of leading "the ignorant ones among Masons in their dirty train," and he thus defends himself for not denouncing those Masonic claimants by name:

We have held that any alliance, real or implied, between American Freemasonry and these vendors of filth can not but work harm to our institution. We have refused to give these reeking sheets the indirect advertisement that might come from use of their titles in these pages. Our quarrel with Catholicism is a matter of principle; we can not allow the waters of legitimate controversy to be thickened and befouled by those who have no more in view than the arousing of ignorant passions and prejudices.

He acknowledges the fairness and courtesy of our controversial methods, approves in its entirety our article of August 29 on Masonic activities in the Government departments at Washington, and credits the present writer with "all sincerity in the positions he has assumed, believing that he will recognize that, though viewing things from a different standpoint, I have an equal claim for honesty of conviction"—a claim we freely accord. It is true that he makes other statements about the Church and its defenders which it is difficult to credit to an intelligent and honest man; but here also we do not question his sincerity.

There are men in our country, some of them in high places, who are subjectively honest and just, and yet are so impregnated with a traditional and inherited anti-Catholic virus that they can not help regarding the Catholic Church as a merely human organization designed by consummate schemers to tyrannize over conscience, chain the intellect and destroy the liberty of man. Individual Catholics, whose good qualities they know, they will treat with absolute fairness, regarding them as virtuous not because of their religion but in spite of it; but "Romanism" as a system they abominate. And if it really were what they deem it, they would be right. Reared in Puritan traditions and environment they revolted against the doctrines presented them, as intolerable to reason and conscience, and rejecting all Christian dogma, retained but the sediment of anti-Catholic prejudice which, partly inherited and partly imbibed from association and reading, worked itself insensibly but surely into their thought and feelings and temperament till, humanly speaking, it became ineradicable. Divine Grace alone can dislodge it; and to this many of our most distinguished and fervent converts bear willing witness. By a curious perversion of thought those heirs of Puritan prejudice identify the revolting doctrines they abominate with the Church against which these doctrines were launched, and the readings and teachings that come in their way help to strengthen the delusion. Modern research has been effectively dissipating the Protestant tradition that the Catholic ages were dark and the miscalled Reformation blazed a track of light. Those who run in the track of true history can now read in English that to those ages belonged the great thinkers, the great architects and artists,

the great guilds of social construction and reform, the great explorers, philanthropists, and evangelists of truth, and the sublimest poet of all time; and that in every department of modern science, Catholic scientists and thinkers, from Copernicus to Kircher and Volta and Ampère and Galvani and Schwann and Mendel and Pasteur, have been and are in the vanguard of human progress.

But the black barrier of false tradition is still proof in many places against the assaults of history. Not many adventure out from the battlements of prejudice in the search for truth, and so our Masonic friend, who says he had been "taught the fear of God to a fare-ye-well," still cries out from his triangular hold, that the Middle Ages were a period of unmitigated barbarity and cruelty, and the Church is now "in the deepest backwater of time." His fort of prejudice has not even succumbed to the big guns of the present war. Their impact has brought home to the world the glories of art and architecture that the Catholic ages had builded in Louvain and Malines and Reims and through all the land now trampled by the armies of contending nations, and has made people realize, too, that a country like Belgium, Catholic peopled and governed, has known how to take the lead in art and industry and indomitable valor and heroic sacrifice for liberty. And that some impact may yet convince men that the big gun, an engine not more destructive of physical life than Protestantism and Masonry have been of religious and spiritual life, is the last and logical expression of the naturalistic and pagan culture that both have planted and developed.

But the Masonic mouthpiece will still insist that Masonry has "the light" and "the word," and the Church is messageless and dark. Reiterating that there is an inherent antagonism between Catholicity and Masonry and that between them there can be neither peace nor truce, he complains that the Church has condemned Masonry, and cites the London *Tablet* to prove that the Popes had commenced the attack. He could have saved himself the trouble by reading the first sentence of the *Catholic Mind* pamphlet "Freemasonry and Catholicism in America," which states that all the Popes from Clement XII to Pius X "condemned Freemasonry as anti-Catholic, anti-Christian and immoral and pronounced ex-communication against Catholics who should enter it." As a matter of fact they were not the first to condemn it, the Protestant governments of Holland and Sweden having anticipated Clement XII; nor did the Popes commence the attack.

The Church of Christ's founding, which He promised to be with all days and preserve against the Gates of Hell for ever, had taught for seventeen centuries that, "The Word was made Flesh and dwelt amongst us, full of grace and truth," that "the Word was God," and that this Word, the Christ, is "the true Light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world." Then came Masonry claiming that it alone had "the light" and

"the word," that it alone possessed the secret of the nature and relations of the soul, the universe and its "Architect," and assumed the direction of the conduct and polity, the moral, intellectual and social development of all mankind. This was a direct attack on the fundamental doctrines and functions of the Catholic Church, the only authorized and infallible interpreter of Divine Truth; and the church condemned it as it has condemned all heresies from Manicheism to Modernism, and will continue to condemn whatever assailants are launched forth from "the Gates of Hell" against "the pillar and ground of Truth."

Freemasonry has continued, extended and envenomed the assault, and when the Church repels and exposes its machinations, protests that it should not be condemned as anti-Christian because "a branch of the Order wears the Cross as its emblem," and we are asked to believe that "these thousands of Chivalric Masons are sincere when they do homage to the Passion Cross." No doubt many of them are, but in so far they are not Masons. Mr. Pike has explained that the Cross is a pre-Christian and pagan emblem, and the same editor who wrote these words insists that Masonry is not a Christian association, nor a religion, nor its handmaid. Then if their Cross is the Christian Cross, how is it that they assume it formally as Masons, and that Jews, Mohammedans and Parsees all wear it alike? It is a bait to lure or deceive the unwary; and so is their pretence, belied by the authentic and secret writings of the Craft, that Masonry is not a religion.

This, and their illegitimate activities in political and business life, will be treated in another article.

M. KENNY, S.J.

The Church and Socialism in England

The relations between the Catholic Church and Socialism are less acutely antagonistic in England than in other countries. By this I do not mean that the Church is at all favorable or compromising toward the creed. In every reference to it by a Catholic speaker or writer it is implied that Socialism is un-Catholic; and at the National Catholic Congress held in July last Socialism was formally condemned as incompatible with our faith. We have occasional sermons directed against Socialism, and the Catholic Truth Society has published several anti-Socialist pamphlets. Despite this the warfare is not so bitter here as in many parts of the Continent. Probably the majority of the rank and file Socialists are unbelievers or indifferent to religion, and some of the leaders are avowed agnostics. But the most important of the leaders, as Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, Mr. Philip Snowden and Mr. Keir Hardie, profess some form of Protestantism.

Socialism has never made more than very slight headway among Catholics. When a Catholic becomes a Socialist he generally loses the faith; but in these cases

Socialism is often the occasion rather than the cause of apostasy. I have heard of quite wealthy Catholics being members of the Fabian Society, a Socialist organization. The late Hubert Bland, a well-known writer, was a prominent Socialist, and he also professed to be a Catholic; but he never let his Catholicity be as prominent as his Socialism. Mrs. Despard, a women's suffrage and Socialist leader with aristocratic connections, was a Catholic, and still claims to be one, though she professes both Socialism and Theosophy! There are one or two prominent labor leaders who are Socialists and Catholics, "though bad ones," as I have known them sadly to confess. Among the masses of workingmen one occasionally meets an individual laborer who calls himself a "Catholic Socialist." A "Catholic Socialist Society" was formed in Glasgow in 1909, and still continues, though it has little more than a paper existence, and it has never had a hundred members. The spirit of indifference and the absence of a correct understanding of fundamental principles and of the practical application of Catholic doctrine have made such exceptions possible.

It is the practical policy of the English Socialists that gives them their peculiar character, and that at the present moment makes Socialism in England comparatively harmless to the Church. There are three Socialist organizations in England: the Independent Labor Party, the Fabian Society, and the British Socialist Party. Each of these carries on a separate propaganda, but for electoral and political purposes the first two are affiliated with the trade unions, and form the Labor Party. The Labor Party, which must not be confused with the Independent Labor Party, being merely one of its constituents, is not a Socialist party, but it is a federation between the trade unions and Socialist organizations for political purposes. If a Socialist of the Independent Labor Party, or the Fabian Society, stands as a candidate for Parliament, he does so as a Labor Party candidate, and he is prevented by the party's constitution from representing himself as a Socialist. In 1912 the trade union membership of the Labor Party was 1,858,178, and the membership of affiliated Socialist societies was 31,937. Although the influence of the Socialists is great in proportion to their numbers, it is far from being the predominant influence in the Labor Party.

The affiliation of the Socialist societies with the non-Socialist Labor Party tends to make their propagandist activities be devoted not to the advocacy of Socialist principles, but to appeals for electoral support of the labor candidates; and these appeals for support are based not upon promises of a future ideal Socialist commonwealth, but upon immediate, practical demands of an ordinary social reform program. The Socialist standing under labor party auspices cares little about converting men to Socialism, but much about getting their votes.

The merging of Socialists in the Labor Party has the effect not only of cutting the claws of Socialism, but also of taking away from Catholic workingmen the chief

temptation to be or to profess themselves Socialists. For the circumstance in which workingmen, Catholic or non-Catholic, become Socialists obtains when the Socialist party is the only one that puts forward an advanced democratic program of reform. It is only the exceptional individual who becomes a Socialist because the abstract teaching of Socialism appeals to him. Now, because the English Socialists have sunk their political identity in that of the Labor Party, there is no Socialist party to tempt the votes of Catholics. No matter how "advanced" a Catholic workingman is inclined to be, he can not do more than vote for the Labor Party, for that is the most advanced party in the field. He may, indeed, become a member of a Socialist organization, but he has no particular temptation to do so. We find, as a fact, that though scarcely any Catholics are in Socialist organizations, the Labor Party voters include a very high proportion of Catholics.

The position may be summarized by saying that the Church in England suffers practically not at all from Socialism. Nevertheless, Socialism is a danger against which we must continually guard; and we do this most effectually by educating our people in constructive Catholic principles of reform. There is little danger of Catholic workingmen joining Socialist organizations; but there is a constant danger of the Socialist element becoming too powerful in the Labor Party, as there is a similar danger of the Socialists "capturing" the control of American trade unions.

Leeds, England.

HENRY SOMERVILLE.

Ireland and the War

Ireland as an integral part of the United Kingdom has usually contributed more than her proportionate share in fighting Britain's battles. This is the case in the present war. In proportion to population Ireland furnishes the largest contingent to the regular army, next comes Scotland, then England, lastly Wales. The relative proportion of Irishmen in the British navy is still larger. In critical emergencies, such as the present, the Irish regiments are invariably the first to be ordered to the front. Add that every really capable leader of England's campaigns for a century by sea and land has been, by birth or extraction, though not in principles and sentiments, almost without exception an Irishman, and you have the key to the psychology of London jingoism which, knowing little about Ireland, and caring less, runs riotously Irish during every war crisis.

After an absence of ten years I made a sojourn of two months in my native land during which I stayed, not in the tourist resorts or anglicized business centres, but in the heart of the country among the common people and there had exceptional opportunities of learning the thoughts and hopes and motives which animate Irish hearts in the present epoch-making world-war.

At the outbreak of the war the long cherished hopes of the Irish people seemed on the point of fulfilment. Yet there was strange apathy about Home Rule. When, at first, through the elimination of the Lords' opposition its passage through Parliament seemed reasonably certain there was some little enthusiasm. The people thought they would at least get half-a-loaf. When, through the continual compro-

mises accepted by the Irish leaders, they understood they were to be offered a crumb to appease their hunger this enthusiasm flickered out. Then some began to entertain misgivings about increased taxation and became apprehensive that instead of bread they were receiving a stone, while others hoped that even if affording little or no present relief the measure would gradually result in the restoration of Irish national life and activities. Then suddenly arose a movement which galvanized Nationalist Ireland, apparently inert and dead, into new life, arousing everywhere the latent patriotism of the people and, though dark war-clouds now lowered, giving Ireland the brightest hopes she has had for ages. This is the Irish Volunteer movement. What is striking about it is that it arose spontaneously throughout the length and breadth of Nationalist and Catholic Ireland. That, more than the fact that the Government had long permitted and practically encouraged the organization and arming of Carson's Ulster Volunteers, was the reason of the Government's abstaining from suppressive measures. The universality and suddenness of the movement made its suppression impossible. It was organized not only without, but against, the councils of the parliamentary leaders who feared the movement would be derogatory to Home Rule sentiment in England. As the drilling progressed a central committee of control was provisionally constituted at Dublin to be replaced later on by regularly elected directors. The Irish parliamentary leaders soon recognized the importance and strength of the Volunteer movement and it was announced that a new provisional committee had been formed, consisting of the members of the original committee and an equal number of parliamentarians. The attitude of the rank and file of the Volunteers, at least in the localities with which I am acquainted, toward this amalgamation of leadership, is indicated by the fact that collections then in progress for procuring equipment immediately ceased. At this stage of affairs occurred the shooting incident in Dublin on Sunday, July 25, when the Scottish Borderers, returning to the city after an unsuccessful attempt to prevent Volunteer gun-running at Howth, fired on a crowd killing four persons and wounding several others. One result of this tragedy was that it emphasized the notorious discrimination of the Government in allowing a section of Ulsterites to import and carry arms publicly with the avowed intention of defying the law, while to the remainder of the Irish people to whom no disloyal intentions could be ascribed, arms were absolutely forbidden. There followed the repeal of the embargo on arms. This further advanced the movement and swelled the ranks of the Volunteers by removing all semblance of illegality. At the outbreak of the war we have therefore in Ireland the unprecedented spectacle of 300,000 Irish Volunteers, in progress of organization and equipment, and united for the rights of Ireland. On the occasion of England's declaration of war against Germany on August 4, the English House of Commons witnessed the unprecedented spectacle of the British Foreign Secretary, Sir Edward Grey, declaring in face of this armed, or soon to be armed, Irish Nationalist and Catholic force, that "Amid the universal gloom the one bright spot is Ireland." Mr. John Redmond, in perhaps the most diplomatic and timely speech ever heard in the House in a similar crisis, had just assured the Government of the loyalty of all Ireland, that England could now if necessary withdraw all her forces from Ireland, entrusting the defence of the country to the Irish Volunteers who stood ready when supplied with arms to repel all foreign invasion. It is indicative of and creditable to the sober and serious spirit of the Volunteers that they abstained from the hysterics indulged in by the other parties over Mr. Redmond's speech. Members of Mr. Redmond's own party grew enthusiastic over it, Englishmen

generally commended and applauded it, the Irish Unionists lauded it to the skies.

It was, however, a cause of no little uneasiness throughout the ranks of the Volunteers to hear Mr. Redmond acclaimed by these latter as a great patriot who rose to the occasion by making the cause of England that of Ireland, who was liberal enough to subordinate Irish nationality to English Imperialism and generous enough to agree to forget mutual grievances *till the present crisis be over*. There was subdued questioning in the rank and file of the Volunteers as to Mr. Redmond's right to pose as their representative and undertake gratuitously to express their principles. Many think it would have been better to have declared explicitly that the Volunteers stand absolutely aloof from England's quarrel with Germany, that, to use the phrase of the hour, they are determined to maintain complete neutrality, than to have created through specious words the impression that their sympathy as a body, and possibly their active cooperation, is pledged to England in the present contest. The primary and indeed the sole aim and object of the organization is to insure an adequate measure of Home Rule for Ireland, and they are resolved to allow no outside issue to interfere with this end and aim. The misinterpretation to which Mr. Redmond's speech was open, or at least the misrepresentation to which it laid open the sentiments and principles of the Volunteers soon became evident. The Unionists resident in the Catholic provinces who were beginning to regard the Volunteer movement with alarm immediately offered their services to the Volunteers, declaring that Mr. Redmond's speech had now in a grave crisis of the Empire, allayed all prejudices and united all parties in Ireland. But the Volunteers knew full well that this is very far from being true. They are naturally suspicious of the overnight conversion of this party of erstwhile oppressors of the people and persecutors of their race and religion. They know full well that its intention is to secure leadership of the movement, prevent its original purpose, make it British and imperialistic, instead of Nationalist and Irish, and when the war is over withdraw and fight against Home Rule as bitterly as ever. The Volunteers refuse to be drawn into the snare and are disposed to reject their offers. It is a clear case of "*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*." The Volunteers recognized that they possess in their own organized and united body a persuasive and unanswerable argument for Home Rule and Home Rule in generous measure. There is a general feeling that it is the only argument England is disposed to consider, and that if the force can be maintained intact until the war is over, Ireland will quickly obtain the rights which she has struggled for so long.

There is a growing distrust in the policy of the present Irish parliamentary party, its subserviency to British interests is suspected, there is dissatisfaction over the non-accounting of the immense funds supplied to it from at home and abroad, its promises have resulted through easy compromising in mere Dead Sea fruit, in short the opinion is pretty prevalent that it has been a failure.

Ireland is loyal to England in the negative sense that she will put no impediment in England's way nor at all embarrass her in her present difficulty. The sentiment expressed in the phrase, "England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity" finds few upholders in Ireland to-day. The Irish people, like all peoples of strong spiritual aspirations, have an intense horror and hatred and fear of war which is intensified by the fact that war has always brought to Ireland defeat and disaster and misery. To-day there is a feeling of suspense and depression through the land, possibly greater than that of the nations actually at war. The one bright hope is the Volunteer movement. Even should it fail in its ulterior object it shall have

accomplished a great deal in checking the growing apathy and lethargy of young Irishmen especially in the small towns and country districts, in giving them a training in discipline and self-control, and in inspiring them with some enthusiasm and new hope for what so often seemed a hopeless cause.

It is safe to say that the Volunteer spirit being what it is, the movement will not procure but rather prevent successful recruiting for the English army in Ireland. In fact the dispatch in the press of the morning of September 15, that recruiting in Ireland had proved a failure was to be expected. There is, of course, a good deal of interest in the success of the British arms; great numbers of Irishmen enlisted in the army and navy are fighting England's battles, and the good wishes of the people at home are with them, but it is for their safety, rather than for victory to be won by them, that their friends are praying. It is well understood that defeat or victory for England means equally to Ireland a toll of Irish lives, and the result of this war will be the enlistment of fewer and fewer Irishmen in England's forces.

An artificial enthusiasm for the war, and a superficial display of loyalty to England, has been created here and there through Ireland where pro-British sentiment prevails. Reports of German atrocities circulated sedulously throughout the land, alleged captures of German spies loaded with explosives or poison, the pickets guarding reservoirs, public buildings and docks, and especially the pro-British tone of the supposedly Nationalist newspapers have succeeded in promoting here and there prejudices obviously intended to be produced. The real Ireland, however, Nationalist Ireland, which the army of Irish Volunteers represents, has no heart in this war; it sees in it a contest with which it is not concerned. It can not be said that it is disposed to sacrifice its nationality on the altar of the Empire, and certainly it does not regard England's cause its own.

J. V.

COMMUNICATIONS

(Correspondents who favor us with letters and contributions are reminded that their manuscripts will not be returned unless stamps for postage are enclosed.)

Our Inert Post-Office Officials

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Anent the subject which has been discussed at some length by your readers, it is quite evident to me that "obscene, lewd, lascivious and filthy" publications could be excluded from delivery through the United States mails if our Postmaster-General were differently disposed. His office seems now to be occupied chiefly in the matter of issuing evasive replies to certain pointed inquiries which are being received from Catholics in abundance. I have written to that office and they referred me to the Department of Justice. I wrote to the Department of Justice and was referred back to the Post-office Department. It seems to be a game of hide and seek in Washington. I called the Postmaster-General's attention to the Gore incident; he replied to the effect that my criticism of his department was unwarranted, but he did not put a stop to the transmission of indecent publications, except that which concerned Senator Gore! It would seem that it were about time to take the bull by the horns. Instead of beating about the bush let us make it just as hot for the officials in Washington as is necessary to obtain the enforcement of the present postal laws. Our patience has ceased to remain a virtue. I have letters from the Post-office Department, as well as copies of those which I wrote, and I would

gladly have these published but can not see that any special good could be accomplished by such a course.

Henryetta, Okla.

DR. VICTOR MCKEE.

Catholic Influence

To the Editor of AMERICA:

A recent issue of a Baltimore paper prints a resolution of protest against the continued and systematic suppression of news concerning the atrocities in Mexico. No doubt the Federation of Catholic Societies which formulated the protest expected it to have a wide publicity, but in this they were mistaken. Not only did the papers as a rule ignore the aforesaid resolution, but they gave little or no space to the convention itself, and this too in spite of the fact that 3,000,000 Catholics were represented by their delegates. This is another instance of the small influence we exert on public opinion. Who is to blame? Catholics themselves. Men will give us what we demand with insistence and vigor; nothing more or less. When will a strong, intelligent demand be made? When there is more union, a few more lofty ideals and less temporizing.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

T. L. B.

Let Us Weekly Suffer in Silence!

To the Editor of AMERICA:

How can Mr. Mair say that our votes put Mr. Bryan and his party into power? We number only sixteen millions, whereas non-Catholics number ninety-five millions. During the past year or two we have been so zealously calling attention, through the press, to our sixteen millions that the fact of our relative numerical weakness ought to be pretty well impressed on the minds of the President, Mr. Bryan and the general public. Moreover, does it not savor of "bossism," and all that term stands for, to insinuate to our government officials that our votes place them under obligations that must not be forgotten where our interests are concerned? Any appeal to consideration, except on the merits of our case, should be regarded as poor taste and very bad diplomacy.

It is some time since our post-office department informed us that under existing postal laws the *Menace* can not be excluded from the mails. Then why keep on knocking at the post-office department? Go to the Congressmen of your district and get them to amend the postal laws. Do it quietly and avoid publicity. Do not give your plans to the foe. It is bad policy and it invites disaster.

Finally, would it not be advisable for the laity to leave to the hierarchy the initiative in matters affecting relations between departments of the Government and the Catholic body? Take the Nathan case, for instance. Our bishops, knowing that the Government can not take cognizance of religious issues, did not ask for the impossible. But the laity, forgetting this fundamental principle of our Government, issued protests and sounded a call to the sixteen millions to boycott the Exposition if their protests were unavailing. They transmitted a protest to the President and simultaneously gave out a copy of it to the public press. The calling of a boycott of our Exposition, prepared by our Government under great expense to celebrate a national achievement unparalleled in history, has cast suspicion on our loyalty as citizens of the Republic; while to send a protest to our President, and at the same time give it broadest publicity, was a diplomatic sin not easy to be condoned. Let us not repeat this mistake. And let us get it out of our heads that sixteen millions loom high in the presence of ninety-five millions. There is too much cant about our sixteen millions.

New York.

M. HARCOURT.

Soldiers' Retreats during War

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The following account of retreats given to soldiers during the Civil War is taken from an account based on letters written during the year 1863 by Father Peter Tissot, S.J., Chaplain of the 37th N. Y. Vols., the "Irish Rifles," to his brother in France. It is interesting both for itself, and also because it serves as an example of what, no doubt, is being done or will be done, whenever an opportunity presents itself, by the Jesuits and other priests who are now in the various armies in Europe. The chaplain writes from Alexandria. He had been absent through illness and on his return found that his regiment had been beaten three times and forced to leave the Peninsula. Their number had dropped greatly. The causes were death, sickness and desertion. The poor fellows had had enough fighting and their spirits were very low. The discouragement of the men dispirited the chaplain in turn, who kept saying that he would have done better, had he not come back. Happily the depression was of brief duration, and so the morale of the army improved. In this brighter hour the chaplain bethought him of retreats for the soldiers, short term ones of three days' duration. He enlisted eight subjects for the first attempt, preaching three times a day. All the spiritual exercises of a triduum were gone through with, and the men came forth from them radiant and reformed. The start had succeeded beyond his rosiest hopes. He made application for a larger tent as the eight had taken up all the available space, even the bed had to hold a fair number. In the roomier new tent as many as twenty could assemble without too much crowding. "When I had finished off one squad," wrote Father Tissot, "I used to call its most influential member and press him into service as my recruiting sergeant; he was to drum up trade; his territory being any regiment that looked promising, and a capital agent he generally made." Very few were found to hold back. One of these obdurate for whom the Lord had issued the order, "compel them to come in," was a young blade who sadly needed a rebirthing. The contagious gaiety of his erstwhile cronies in destruction's broad way, eventually made him feel that he had missed a treat by not attending the soul maneuvers gone through by the retreatants. The chaplain made up to him in a most winning way and fervidly pointed out the joys of a soul in grace. At the end of the talk the young fellow went forth, drummer number two. His instructions were to the effect that he should gather in a number of his own stripe, and lead them to the chaplain's tent. He himself was to head the line or bring up the rear, just as he pleased. His success was wonderful, for at the end of two hours he handed the priest a list of eighteen names. Their bearers were the élite of evil. Through three days, and three times a day, he came punctually on the hour with his reprobate dozen and a half all present. So it was with others. The chaplain's best work in the army was done by retreats. He was somewhat downcast when a retreat for officers alone did not yield the hundredfold that was the fruit of retreats for the men in the ranks. Social position and the good things of earth, and they are to be found even in an impoverished army, told against a wonderful potentiality of grace.

New Orleans.

T. S. KING, S.J.

Retreats for Workingmen and Women

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In AMERICA for Sept. 19 Mr. E. S. Chester gives expression to a desire to instruct me and takes exception to my statement, contained in my letter published in AMERICA, which reads "I do not find the American Jesuits on their missions, or in their churches, doing anything practical to employ low-priced Catholic literature to instruct and fortify our Catholic men." Mr. Chester asks if I have ever gone to the Jesuit

Retreat House on Staten Island and been abundantly instructed. I reply that I have not, but hope some day to do so. Moreover I am pretty familiar with the work done there. Mr. Chester tells us that retreats for workingmen and women are well attended. I have to reply that though tolerably well acquainted with Catholic affairs, I have yet to read of any retreats for workingmen or workingwomen as a class, being given in this country, and of their being well attended. Mr. Chester does not submit a single fact that can be interpreted as disproving my statement.

The work of houses of retreat does not influence more than a few thousands per year. It does not reach down to and influence the great mass of our Catholic men, everyday toilers who are the real support of the Catholic Church. It seldom goes below the upper and middle classes, seeming in this to prove the charge often directed against the Jesuits, that they run after Catholics of wealth and worldly prominence who in fact are the deadwood of Catholicism. I was moved to write you because I had frequently seen the Jesuit Fathers, on their missions, have the privilege of preaching morning and evening during a whole week, to a thousand or more men of the working class, substantial Catholic men, and yet say not a word to urge these men to fortify themselves with a knowledge of the Church's teaching on socialism and kindred questions, or to arouse their zeal to combat the forces which are warring against the Catholic Church. On the street corners of our cities alien Jew-Socialists are shouting out vehement attacks on the Catholic Church while our Catholic men stand about unmoved. Can it be that by reason of want of instruction the fire of Faith is dying in their hearts? We have it on good authority that this is the condition in the Latin countries of Europe. Despite our pretentious church buildings it would seem as if it were becoming the condition here too. I know that the making of the public attacks on the Church by any one, let alone this contemptible European rabble, would forty or fifty years ago have caused an uprising of the sterling Irish Catholic immigrants of those days.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

JAMES V. SHIELDS.

Another Addison

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I do not agree with Mr. Gray in your issue for October 3, at least not altogether. The writer of "Motoring and Meekness" has, I believe, recorded his own personal experiences and his own thrills as a speed-fieid; but I can not see what ground there is for calling him a hypocrite. On the contrary he seems to me to have been extremely frank. And this will be to his cost. There are one hundred motorists for one early riser. All of us who drive cars, if we are honest, must acknowledge that there is more than a grain of truth in his gentle indictment of our class. Those of us who have any humor will strike our breasts and smile to find our very selves portrayed in his ironical confession. But what of those who have no sense of fun? There were many in the days of Addison to cry out against his clever satire, because he spoke clearly though ironically and many of his thrusts went home. Can this new Addison look for a better fate? I hardly think so. Those who were hit, no doubt, found the *Spectator* rather insipid reading on the morning when they groaned to see themselves in print, but the rest of the literary world of London smiled over their coffee-cups and read with a zest. They knew it might be their turn on the morrow, but they were safe for the present and could afford to laugh. I hope that the author of "Motoring and Meekness" is not very sensitive and will not repent him of his fun.

New York.

P. deV. K.

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1914.

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The American Attitude

An anonymous critic has sent us an editorial condemnation from the Brooklyn *Eagle*, September 28, of Bishop Schrembs' trenchant and timely arraignment of the "inhuman atrocities" against civil and religious liberty by "the present regime in Mexico, over which our Government has, in a measure, assumed practical sponsorship." He adds: "Read this over carefully," and facilitates careful reading by underlining the following "elementary truisms":

Our Government is neither a church-maker nor a church-unmaker. All churches "look alike" to our Government, officially regarded, religion being a matter of conscience and not of government preference among denominations, and our Constitution being based on the separation in our Government of Church and State both in the nation and in the Commonwealths.

But it is precisely on these principles that Bishop Schrembs has based his charge; and it is because our Government was exhorted to enforce them that Cardinal Gibbons, always wise and moderate in action and utterance, approved the bishop's patriotic appeal, and the American Federation of Catholic Societies unanimously adopted it. His sermon did not attack the administration nor any member of it, as the secular papers falsely reported. The *Eagle* says further:

Fairness toward all and partiality for none may be regarded as a just and wise attitude for and by our Government. Such an attitude would undoubtedly have the support of all voters in the United States, the Bishop of Toledo to the contrary notwithstanding.

Far from being to the contrary, the Bishop of Toledo is insisting on this attitude, and every Catholic society in the country is at one with him. The current number of the *Columbiad*, the official organ of the Knights of Columbus, has just sent forth to its three hundred thousand subscribers, a clear presentation of facts, proving that the Administration has not been maintaining this attitude in Mexico. It did intervene directly and indirectly, and instead of extending "fairness toward all

and partiality for none," it did throw the weight of its deciding influence in favor of the faction that has been outraging civil and religious liberty, and that has proclaimed its fixed purpose to make such outrages permanent. Admitting these facts, and they are absolutely authentic, it is clearly the duty of our Government to make good to the citizens of Mexico, be they Catholics or not, the injustices it has been instrumental in inflicting on them; and it is the right and the duty of American voters, Catholic or non-Catholic, who are true to their citizenship, to endorse the resolution adopted by the Supreme Convention of the Knights of Columbus:

Whereas, Persistent and continuous reports from Mexico furnish proof of oppression and persecution of the Clergy and religious of the Catholic Church, the desecration of churches and spoliation of religious houses;

Wherefore, We demand of those who shall have any responsibility in the reorganization of, or framing of a new plan for the government of Mexico, that proper provision be made for restitution and reparation for losses inflicted under the name of government, and that there shall be a constitutional guaranty of freedom of conscience and freedom of religious worship, even as the same is assured to the people of the United States under the Constitution.

This demand embodies the views of Bishop Schrembs; and the grounds of the preamble are amply verified in the *Columbiad's* article, "Justice to Mexico." We commend this article to the Brooklyn *Eagle* and to all other editors and critics who dogmatize without knowledge. We also commend it to our readers. We are reproducing it for their benefit in the current number of the *Catholic Mind*, in the hope that they will exact, what any Protestant body similarly treated would have exacted long ago, that our Government shall insist on the "morality and order" it intervened to establish, and that it shall extend its intervention to the establishment of civil and religious liberty in Mexico.

A Universal Sedative

To say that modern life is hurried and feverish is only to utter a commonplace. The fast steamer and the faster train, the automobile and the airship, as the magazines are constantly reminding us, have "annihilated space"; the marvelous wireless, the improved telephone and the frequent "extra" quickly bring us news from far and near, the moving-picture makes distant scenes and actions present, we swiftly type the brief letters we can not well avoid sending, and the "efficiency expert" shows us how to reduce to a minimum the physical exertion of discharging an office effectively or transacting business with success.

By all these means a vast deal of time, we are assured, is "saved." Hours that are passed in contriving how to shorten a journey a few minutes are not considered wasted, numerous inconveniences are patiently borne that we may deliver a message by the spoken rather than the written word, and nearly everything else is done in a

breathless hurry in order that we may have more leisure. But what becomes of all the time thus "saved"? To what use is it put? Serenity of soul, calmness of mind, repose of manner are hardly our most striking national characteristics, yet it would seem that the leisured life so many Americans are enabled to lead nowadays would have a soothing, quieting influence on us all. But this is far from being the case. On the contrary the speed madness has no seriously infected nearly everybody that "the crying need of our times," to use a thoroughly original expression, is a universal sedative.

Now is not the quill pen with all it symbolizes and suggests the very remedy required? If all circles of American society should begin forthwith to use for writing purposes nothing but quill pens, what an admirable sedative the practice would soon prove to be! For that implement is associated in our minds with long letters composed very deliberately by men and women of abundant leisure, it calls up pictures of wind-driven packets, rumbling coaches and delayed post-boys. The quill suggests pastoral scenes, smiling landscapes and a peaceful bucolic life removed as far as possible from the tense and nervous career so many Americans of to-day are following.

Therefore if the universal use of the quill were enforced by law, if the steel pen were rigorously banned, if the sale or purchase of a fountain pen were made a misdemeanor and the mere possession of a typewriter a felony, who can doubt that our times would then have the effective febrifuge we need? The restoration of the quill pen to its ancient place of honor could not but effect a prompt and marvelous change in our manners and habits. Carefully written letters deserving to rank as literature would supersede the banal picture postcard, delicate consideration for others would succeed that selfish eagerness to be first which is now such an unamiable characteristic of our age and country, and time would be found for reading and reflection. The wide use of the writing implement of more leisurely and restful periods than ours could not fail to promote the growth of virtues that were common in the days of quill pens but are now becoming obsolete. Back, then, to the quill!

A Timely Protest

Bad literature is growing in volume. It is passing and repassing over the country in a great black flood that befouls everything it touches, leaving behind it a slime that decent men associate with corrupt hearts and naked obscenity. Nothing effective has been done to check this evil. The mails are its instrument; innocent, inoffensive citizens are its victims. Their money makes it possible for vile, calumnious papers to gain entrance into their homes. Pure, upright people are helpless before the fact that a portion of their hard-earned wage goes to help villainous men corrupt their children, vilify their faith and engender hatred in the hearts of their fellow-citizens.

It is time to raise a mighty protest against all this: time to teach the world that we are conscious of our rights, zealous for our faith sensitive about the innocence of our children.

This is not a problem for Catholics alone. Every man and woman of fair mind and clean heart should take pen in hand and protest to Congressmen, Senators and the Postmaster-General that our mails should not be used to spread impurity and dissension and hatred throughout the land. This is a sacred duty. We on our part owe it to our religion, and all Catholics, Protestants and Jews owe it to the country. Catholic ideals have been brought into contempt by monstrous falsehoods and base exaggerations. The great American ideal of fair play for all has been made a laughing stock before the world. Catholics suffer, so too does the nation.

Who will put an end to this? Citizens of all races and creeds, at least those among them who have any self-respect, and love of fair play, any desire to preserve some of the most precious elements of our civilization, to wit: the purity of children, truth, a decent reticence, a love of justice, a hatred of subsidized foulness sent forth from hearts reeking with corruption, under the hypocritical pretence of zeal for good.

A Question of Catholic Honor

Since the death of the late Holy Father there have appeared many appreciations of his character and his work. Almost invariably willing testimony has been given to the purity, prayerfulness, and lofty motives of his life; but his actual efforts to help the world have come in for a large share of adverse comment in the columns of the secular press. Pope Leo XIII fared no better. To non-Catholics both were merely men, and therefore open to public criticism. It will not be different with Benedict XV. Those outside the Church who will not have him for their father, will give him justice and nothing more. Indeed it will often be impossible for them to give him the scantiest justice. They live in a different world from his, the supernatural has little or no place in the formation of their judgments. One who would lead men to despise the goods of time and fix their aspirations on eternal things, must necessarily be something of an enigma to the worldly-wise. Such has been the secular attitude in the past, and we have no reason to hope that the future will find it changed.

The Catholic attitude on the other hand has been quite the reverse. We have been in a position to understand how incalculably Pope Pius X has influenced the world for good. We realise, as others can not, that he taught and legislated under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. Another factor, however, less perceptible but no less powerful, has been unconsciously at work in shaping our estimate of our much lamented Pontiff. For all of us alike he was the Holy Father, but for each of us in particular he was our beloved father. Between him and us,

his children, there was the intimacy of family affection. Our love for him was personal. And our love gave us a keen-sighted vision that outsiders could not have. Our Catholic honor made us quick to see the truth, where prejudice failed to see it. Catholic loyalty made us eager to defend where others, judging without faith, sought cause to blame. So it has been in the past, so it will be in the future. For just as the non-Catholic view-point makes the non-Catholic judgment harsh and sometimes false, so our relations toward the Pope will make us see the truth and will keep us true. Incumbents of the papacy come and go, but the Pope lives on.

Joseph Sarto of beloved memory is dead and Giacomo della Chiesa rules in his place, the mantle of divine authority has fallen on other shoulders, a younger bishop has taken up the reins of government, another man has ascended to St. Peter's chair, but the papacy itself has not been changed, the authority, the government, the throne are all the same. The gates of hell have not prevailed against the Rock, the line of Roman Pontiffs has not been broken. Christ's vicar on earth still wears the fisherman's ring. This is the reason why the attitude of the many millions of Catholics has not changed and will not change. We are still the Pope's children and the Pope's subjects, he is still our universal Father. Our submission, and devotion, and obedience, have all been laid with deep affection at his feet. Benedict XV is neither more nor less to us than was Pius X. He is our Pope. To him we pledge our fealty, to him we have sworn that we will be true, to him we have consecrated the best loyalty of our minds and hearts. Loyal in mind and heart, that is our watchword! Not only should we bend our intellects to assent to what he teaches in matters of faith and morals and ecclesiastical discipline, we should be at all times on his side. Where he leads we follow. Far from us to criticise or censure his motives or his policy or his action. We stand with him. It is not enough to school our intellects to make our act of faith when he teaches with the plentitude of his God-given wisdom; our tendency should be to look up to him as to a father. As children, we should be jealous of his honor, and quick to defend it, and ashamed to be false even in little things. Not only our minds but our hearts should be right with the Pope.

Everybody Satisfied

A cartoon in a New York paper represents three typical characters, a Frenchman, a German and an Englishman, sitting side by side in a metropolitan street car, all absorbed in their daily papers. *Les Etats-Unis*, in large type letters, tells of the glorious French advance; the headlines of the *Morgen-Blatt* report with no less certainty the progress of the German Right, while the *Canadian Sentinel* sees "Victory in Sight!"—of course for the English troops. No doubt as the three chance associates, with no animosities against one another, dip

deeper into their morning papers they will be regaled with accounts of the heroism of their own people, and shocked in turn by the narration of atrocities, all invariably perpetrated by enemies of their native land. French and English vocabularies have not words sufficient to describe the barbarism of the Germans, nor can the German language express the horrors attributed to the Belgians, French and English. Indignation fills all hearts. Fancy now the rage of each when the view of those with whom their country is at war, are put before them in the most moderate and conservative way. They lose their reason immediately, forgetful that nations like men have a right to a hearing. They can not judge fairly. There is a cloud over the intellect. Thus the strictest neutrality appears strong partisanship. There is a partisanship but it is subjective not objective. It will be found in the souls of those who read *Les Etats-Unis* alone, or the *Morgen-Blatt* only, or the *Canadian Sentinel* exclusively.

You Begin

Once upon a time a centipede was scurrying along, and in a moment of such paralysis as affects a nervous person crossing a street in front of swift vehicles, it hesitated and stopped. Veracious history asserts that it never could get along again. Although it had a hundred legs, it did not move because each one of the hundred said to its neighbor, "You begin." There you have a picture of a thousand like paralyses among men. It is difficult to bring a man to see the necessity of action; it is far more difficult to make him see that he must begin. "I had rather tell twenty what it were best to do than be one of the twenty to follow my own bidding." Shakespeare said many years ago: "We must do something" is the unanimous cry, and "You begin" is the deadening refrain. Many an eloquent speech or stirring editorial or masterly book, hot with meritorious indignation, has been foiled of its noble purpose by the lamentable inertia of transferred initiative.

The world is dissatisfied with its professional men and brings its complaints to the university. The university forwards the complaints to the college; the college to the high-school; the high-school to the grammar-school; the grammar-school to the kindergarten; the kindergarten to the nursery; the nursery, under the promptings of eugenics, transmits the difficulty to the grandparents. "You begin" is the chorus of the babies to their ancestors, and from ancestor to ancestor back to the original perversity of Adam—or the atom—is the responsibility shifted until the pebble plumped into the sea here, to the tune of "You begin," sends ever-widening ripples to the far-off shores of eternity, where they lap with an echo of the same hopeless elegy.

Our good President can not open a letter or read a telegram or answer a telephone call or get a wireless message or see a visitor without receiving by these and all means

of communication a thousand schemes which he is to initiate. Whether it be a war in Europe, or the neighbor's daughter at the piano, the inferiority of coffee, or the superiority of foreign athletics, the price of eggs or the smoking of cigarettes by anaemic youths, the presence of dust on the street or the absence of rain from the sky, all the troubles of land and sea, of men and women, are referred ultimately to the President, and the world waits for him to begin.

How is this endless chain to be broken? By beginning where charity and all other virtues begin: at home. All reform starts in the individual. All reform perfects the interior and then works to the exterior. Improvement is not imposed upon one from the outside. The way of perfection is not: "You begin and I follow," but rather "I begin and you follow." It is not precept but example that is the salt of the earth and the light of the world.

When Frederic Ozanam heard from scoffing unbelievers the taunt: "Show us your works," he did not proceed to write to his parish priest, who would proceed to write to his bishop, who would proceed to write to his archbishop, who would proceed to write to his cardinal protector, who would proceed to interview the Pope. No, Ozanam headed the procession himself. He replied: "I will show you my works," and in a short time he had millions in the St. Vincent de Paul Society showing the world that Christianity is not dead but still lives. It was a weak woman with no office, no holy orders, no powers, who was the stay of the Church at the end of the fourteenth century. St. Catherine of Siena had zeal, and zeal is initiative at white heat. She began and the Pope himself followed.

LITERATURE

The Catholic Note in Contemporary Poetry

I. The Voices from Without*

Less a "wonder," surely, than a "wild delight" to us of the Church must always be the Catholic music of poets not, corporally speaking, within the gates. It is, once again, the great mystery of the little leaven: new proof of the permeating and compelling beauty of holiness. *Tous les poètes sont un peu païens*: that is the proverb we are used to hearing. But why have post-Reformation critics been less quick to realize that all the poets are a little Catholic as well? We smile, let us hope not all vain-gloriously, at catching Milton in so charmingly "papistical" a passage as the nun stanzas of "Il Penseroso"; we recall that Rossetti left us one of the loveliest "Aves" in English literature; and when will Our Lady's panegyrists weary of the much "Established" Wordsworth's perfect line,

"Our tainted nature's solitary boast?"

Ever since the Oxford Movement, this note has been increasingly audible, until to-day it is quite safe to say of the better English poetry that wherever the tendency is not explicitly pagan, it is at least implicitly Catholic. There is no longer a

*The first of a series of literary papers by the author of "The Poets' Chantry."

poetry of Dissent, no longer a poetry of the Establishment. There is simply a poetry of mystical liberalism and a poetry of mystical Catholicism. Within these two camps the songsters are grouped: for the "occasional" poets, the war poets and others, may belong to either, or to neither, and flutter easily between the two.

Now we can scarcely praise too highly the minstrels of our own camp. It so happens, and we think not by accident, that many of these are to-day at the conspicuous forefront of English poetry, and no time is wasted, from the standpoint of art or faith or life, in knowing them well. But, we shall know them better and prize them more discerningly, if we listen at the other camp as well. We shall even realize how deep is the essential harmony, how vast the reconciliation, of the Lady Poetry herself.

One might choose almost at random and still find significant illustrations of the spiritual, even the Catholic, note in our contemporary verse; but three names leap to mind, at once for their similarity and their differences. The first is Laurence Housman, a young Englishman too little known on this side of the Atlantic, but remembered vividly enough in London as artist, as poet, as perjured penman of the "Englishwoman's Love Letters," and last of all as a suffragist nowise shy of going to jail for "the cause." His poetic fantasy "Prunella" was acted in New York last season; but few who saw it dreamed that Mr. Housman had once run foul of the English censor by daring to produce a sacred drama called "Bethlehem." It was a Nativity play of great charm and tenderness, in which the poet strove not to be "realistic" or "naturalistic," but rather to concentrate into symbolic action "all the love and delight and wonder which have come to be associated with Christmas." The play, being refused a license, was privately performed in the Hall of the University of London during the December of 1902, and has subsequently had fugitive presentations in Chicago, by religious communities in Dublin and Edinburgh, and by Christian natives in India.

Now Mr. Housman is not a Catholic: his liberalism has indeed become more militant with the years. Moreover he is at least an octagonal personality, liable to spring surprises upon even the best-weathered readers. But it is significant that when he wishes to express religious emotion, his *penchant* is all for the formulae of Catholicism. "I feel," he wrote to the London *Daily Mail* when "Bethlehem" had just been censored, "that there is working through the present day a great intellectual Catholic renaissance, a recognition not so much of the dogmatic truth as of the imaginative beauty of the Catholic presentment of Christianity." In the candor of that statement is explained the "artistic Catholicism" so prevalent outside the Church to-day. "Bethlehem" also is explained, and the whole body of Mr. Housman's own devotional poetry, his "Pageant of Our Lady" and the exquisite pages of "Spikenard." For, in music and in passion too, such poems as "Love the Tempter," "The Soul's Bondage" and "Love Importunate" have much in common with Francis Thompson's great ode, "The Hound of Heaven." It is the old cry, "Depart from me!"

Oh, tempt not me! I love too well this snare
Of silken cords.
Nay, Love, the flesh is fair;
So tempt not me!

Go Thine own ways, nor dream Thou needest me!
Yet if, again, Thou on the bitter Tree
Wert hanging now, with none to succor Thee
Or run to quench Thy sudden cry of thirst,
Would not I be the first—
Ah, Love, the prize!—
To lift that cloud of suffering from Thine eyes?

Nay, if Thou wepest, then must I weep too,
Sweet Tempter, Christ! Yet what can I undo
I, the undone, the undone,
To comfort Thee, God's Son?
Oh, draw me near, and, for some lowest use,
That I may be
Lost and undone in Thee,
Me from mine own self loose!

Josephine Preston Peabody, a daughter of New England, was already a poet of distinction when, in 1910, her play "The Piper" won the coveted Stratford prize. It was a work of much power; but while the setting was medieval and supposedly Catholic, it lacked that peculiar thing which we call the Catholic consciousness. Now comes her new play, "The Wolf of Gubbio," which for dramatic novelty, piercing poetic beauty, and Franciscan fragrance, it would be hard to overpraise. The Little Poor Man of Assisi, "shining with gladness," is the sum of the action; and round this sun revolve the stories of penitent Brother Wolf, the joys and sorrows of the tradesfolk of Gubbio, the wanderings of Louis the Crusader King, and the hapless thieves who have robbed the young Assunta of her baby son:

O heart! thou little rueful cup,
Fill thee brimful, be lifted up!
O heart—thou little cup of earth,
What should be likened to thy mirth
Or to the radiancy thereof,
So thou wert filled with Love?

Lyric passages of such charm and naiveté are scattered all through the action; but there is perhaps nothing more touching in the play than Francis' Christmas Eve invocation in the street of Gubbio, when, standing before the rude curtain which conceals his improvised "Crib," he bids the people to draw near:

Welcome, beloved! Welcome ye
All met in one glad company;
Each one a singing and a light
To praise the hol' night!—
Like little sorry stars we are,
And dim and small and late and far,
That follow the one Star.

For we, that be not great nor wise,
Shall we not gladden our poor eyes,
Even to the last and least
Like wise men from the East?—
Yea, surely! could we see indeed
Our Lady in her hour of need;
The Blessed Mother, glorified,
Above this cradle-side.
Would not our hearts receive their sight,
And we go glad this night?
Ah, dearest, could we but have known
The days Love came unto His own!—
His one reproach no more but this—
"Thou gavest Me no kiss."
Bring we our treasure, and no less.
So shall it be that for her cold
And want and sorrow, sevenfold,
She shall have more than heart can hold
Of blessedness.
Love make our offerings to her
Gold, and frankincense and myrrh!

Of course, no discussion of present-day English poetry quite comes home without the mention of Alfred Noyes. He is probably the most widely read and widely known of our younger contemporaries. And he has stood, all along, on the side of spiritual ideals. No doubt if the poet must be cited before the bar of a strict theology, his strain of pantheism would be too evident. It is not the pantheism of our own New England "Transcendentalists," but at once a warmer and a humbler thing. Mr. Noyes' God is everywhere in a new sense: poems like the "Paradox" would seem to depersonify

Him in the magnificent vagueness of being neither evil nor good, nor high nor low, but all; yet there are many others in which the message is quite definitely Christian. "The Cool of the Evening" is one of the simplest and fairest of these. Mr. Noyes has recaptured a quite medieval joyousness in his "Carol of the Fir Tree," and there is a robust Elizabethan flavor to his "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern." One of the most powerful of these, "The Burial of a Queen," sings of Mary Stuart's entombment: a "test" subject in several ways, but treated here with not a line which Catholic sympathizers could wish altered.

But perhaps the strongest of Alfred Noyes' religious verse is "Vicisti Galilæe," an arraignment of two modern anti-Christian systems, the pseudo-rationalistic and the pseudo-esthetic. Here is the gauntlet he throws down to the now superannuated materialists:

Poor, scornful Lilliputian souls,
And are ye still too proud
To risk your little aureoles
By kneeling with the crowd?
Do ye still dream ye "stand alone"
So fearless and so strong?
To-day we claim the rebels' throne
And leave you with the throng.

Then, to the sorrowful, superior, "cultured faun" type, flayed once so perfectly by the satire of our own Lionel Johnson, thus:

O worshippers of the beautiful,
Is this the end, then, this—
That ye can only see the skull
Beneath the face of bliss?
No monk in the dark years ye scorn
So barren a pathway trod
As ye who, ceasing not to mourn,
Deny the mourner's God,

And while ye scoff, from shore to shore,
From sea to moaning sea,
Eloi, Eloi, goes up once more,
Lama sabacthani!
The heavens are like a scroll unfurled,
The writing flames above—
This is the King of all the world
Upon His Cross of Love!

So much for the Catholic note from *without*; sometimes a note deliberately chosen, sometimes a cry of elemental religious instinct. It is an open question whether Catholics or non-Catholics are to be the more congratulated upon this spilling over of the spikenard, so curious and unanticipated a fulfilling of Francis Thompson's great dream, Poetry the Wanderer brought home again, playing everywhere, yet always "round the foot of the Cross." KATHERINE BRÉGY.

REVIEWS

A Challenge to the Time Spirit. By THOMAS J. GERRARD. New York: Benziger Bros. \$1.25.

The collection of essays contributed by Father Gerrard to the *Catholic World* and the *Dublin Review* has been gathered into a volume, with a final chapter, the challenge, added, and given to the world under the title that heads this review. The author has taken a wide range of subjects, from monism to futurism, all of which may be said to be representative of modern thought. Such an attitude is a bold one to take up, but the challenger has at his back the verified experience of nineteen centuries, during which the Catholic Church has combated much that in its day was thought to be "modern."

The eugenic craze, racial deterioration, the revolt against marriage, futurism, and the like, are, after all, but effects. The cause, as Father Gerrard points out, is not far to seek; but it is

a search which is only possible under divine illumination. It is, of course, out of the question to expect the moderns to look to God and His Church for the only way out of the difficulty; yet, notwithstanding, the solution lies there. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God" is not only sound Catholicism; it is sound politics and economics, sound art and aesthetics.

All who have interest in the trend of modern thought will find in this book a fund of information and of sound argument. The question is one that affects us all intimately, and the day is past for leaving the priest to bear all the brunt of polemics. The layman has his share in the fight, but he owes it to himself to know what he is fighting, and why.

H. C. W.

The Clarion. By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. \$1.35.

No one will deny that Mr. Adams has written a strong novel in "The Clarion." The principal character, Hal Worthington, in a fit of resentment buys a newspaper. His purpose is no deeper than to force a refractory editor to retract an article that was somewhat insulting to his father. He finds that he has taken on his shoulders a gigantic task. He has too much courage to back down, and too high an idea of journalism to conform to ordinary methods, which he finds are guided by utilitarian motives rather than by principles of morality. The idealism and high aspirations of an associate editor fill him in the beginning with enthusiasm, and he lays down as his platform that henceforth he is going to conduct an absolutely honest paper. His optimism, however, receives many a severe shock and he finds that he has espoused an almost impossible cause. Temptation after temptation sears his soul, and he is called upon to sacrifice all that a man holds dear. He proves false once and hauls down his standard, but finally repents and nails it to the mast. In the sequel he triumphs and gains happiness through many trials. There is love in it, of course, but it plays quite a secondary part. The main purpose of the book is to expose what the author holds to be the low moral standards of the daily newspapers, and the almost insuperable difficulties that block the efforts of any man who would purify the press. The novel holds one throughout, but it is scarcely pleasant reading. Every page is harrowing. Indeed it could scarcely be otherwise with the story of a soul that is struggling against tremendous odds to be true to its own nobler self. There are, unfortunately, some pages which have their place in the plan and are not of a seductive character, but deal with phases of lower life that make the book unfit for general reading. The reviewer is far from saying, however, that the novel's dominant note is not good. "The Clarion" ought to influence many men to nobler manhood, for it is the story of a brave fight made by a good man for high ideals with victory gained at the end.

J. H. F.

The Holy Land of Asia Minor. By REVEREND FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D., LL.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.

Dr. Clark is president of the United Society of Christian Endeavor and undertakes the record of his travel-experiences in most Christian-wise. The name of his book is indicative of the spirit thereof. A Christian spirit pervades him while visiting the cities of the Seven Churches. He reviews their past glories and details their present ruins. These details are not as minute as a Baedeker would be nor do they make any such pretension of scientific research as do the publications of the Palestine Exploration Fund; nor has the book an index. Such minuteness of detail and accuracy of research and make-up are apart from the author's purpose. He intends merely to set down the casual observations of a chance traveler. And so the lovely anemones round about receive

as much attention as do the walls of the famous double basilica of Ephesus wherein Athanasius thundered and Nestorius fell and Constantine presided. The style and manner of his treatment will attract other than specialists and Catholics will be grateful not to find in the book either the rationalistic tendency of most such travel-books of to-day or the itch to say unkind things about the Catholic Church in the Orient. The book is dedicated to Dr. Riggs, a missionary of the American Board in Turkey. This dedication reminds the reviewer of the wrong the American Board does to Catholic activity in the Turkish realm. He has been in towns where the only medical practitioner was the missionary-doctor sent out by that board; and found that he refused medical aid save at the cost of at least temporary and eternal perversion from Catholic faith.

W. F. D.

The Priests' Daily Manna. Short Points of Meditation for Every Day in the Year. By JAMES CANON SCHMITT, D.D. Translated by HENRY CAFFERATA. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.80.

It is a question what becomes of all the books designed for mental prayer. A respectable library might be made if all such could be gathered together. They have done and are doing a great silent work, and the world has been better because of them. No apology is needed for addition to the host of good treatises that help us to think on God and heavenly things. Canon Schmitt's attractive book is therefore welcome. It is translated from the Latin for excellent reasons set forth in the preface and in its new English dress will be even more useful, no doubt, than in the past. Scriptural, terse, and full of thoughts that satisfy, it will be well received by those who seek true advance in the Master's service and will be particularly well liked by those who have the care of souls. It is a valuable addition to our devotional library.

H. J. L.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

It can no longer be said that Catholic children are without attractively written biographies of the saints. Besides the other series of such lives already commended in AMERICA, mention should be made of the "Corpus Christi Books," the latest number of which is "The Story of St. Dominic for Little People" (Benziger, \$0.35.) The author, Marie St. S. Ellerker, Tertiary, O.S.D., understands children perfectly and knows just how to interest them in her subject. There are five good illustrations in the volume and Father McNabb writes a very suitable preface.

"The House in Demetrius Road" (Doran, \$1.30), says a reviewer of J. D. Beresford's new novel, "makes one grudge the interruptions of a meal or bedtime." This fact, if unreservedly true, is much to be regretted, for the book is hardly an adequate substitute either for food or sleep, but the story of a gifted drunkard's losing battle with his infirmity. "Maggie," the intemperate's intended wife, and Martin, his secretary, do their best to help him conquer, but with indifferent success. Meanwhile, notwithstanding Martin's strong addiction to expressions like "perfectly ripping" and "frightfully decent," "Maggie" finds him much more to her taste than is the bibulous Robin. The book is a well-written study of a drunkard, but it is hard to see what benefit the reader will derive from it all.

If the Bibliothèque de l'Université Catholique of Louvain has been wholly destroyed, the loss, says the Boston *Evening Transcript's* "Bibliographer" is quite irreparable. The library dated back to 1627 and contained 350,000 volumes, five times as many as the press dispatches reported.

It is not the mere number of volumes, however, but their character that makes these collections of books among the

most important in the world. The destruction of libraries so ancient as that of the Catholic University would in itself be almost a crime, but in this case if the books and manuscripts have been destroyed there can be no reparation, as many of the treasures were unique. . . . While the library of the Catholic University has been, as might be expected, a centre for theological learning, its library treasures were by no means limited to this class of books. Its manuscripts were among the finest in Europe; it had a very large collection of general histories; in incunabula it was filled with notable examples; its collection of books relating to the history of literature was large and exceedingly rich; its collection of the monuments of various literatures, while the weakest part of the university library, contained fine examples of the Greek and Latin authors; it had a small but choice collection of books of Oriental literature; a collection of works on the natural sciences, particularly of botany and agriculture, and its library of bibliography has been sought by scholars from all parts of Europe. In works of value from their association the library was also rich.

The writer then names a number of the precious volumes the library contained, and makes mention of its 246 ancient manuscripts. If all these literary treasures are now in ashes, the world of learning has new reasons for remembering sadly the Great War.

The following are some music books that have reached the reviewer's desk: The Rev. Remi S. Keyzer, Rector of St. John's Cathedral, Boise, Idaho, has a very commendable purpose in editing his "Cantica Sacra" (J. Fischer & Bro.): no other than the hope that some of his compositions may prove attractive enough to be used, not merely in church, but also at home in the family circle, and so inspire a serious thought or two on these less formal occasions. The practice of singing hymns at home is too good and hallowed a one to be allowed to perish because of modern syncopated music. "The Cantica Sacra" contains fifty original settings to hymns with which we are all familiar. The collection well merits examination. A compact and useful hymn book for church choirs has been carefully compiled by G. Burton under the title of the "Choir Manual" (Fischer). It contains besides a good collection of Latin and English hymns, the "Missa de Angelis," a unison Mass by Biedermann, "Missa pro Defunctis," Mass responses, and the Vespers for the principal feasts of the year, with their different psalm-tones. The firm of F. Pustet & Co. have been editing primers on various subjects connected with Church music, the latest to appear being "Gesetz und Praxis in der Kirchenmusik." In this small volume will be found practical comments on the legislation of the Church with regard to sacred music. As was to be expected, the greater part of the book is given over to the discussion of the "Motu Proprio" of Pius X. The same publishing house has out "Organum Comitans ad Tonos Communes Missae Necnon Vesperarum juxta Editionem Vaticanam," by Josef Renner, Jr. As the book contains the various responses at Mass and the responses and Psalm-tones for Vespers it will be a great help to organists who desire simple but correct accompaniments that can be easily transposed to other keys than the one given.

The value of a play written for Catholic schools and colleges chiefly lies, of course, in its practicability. Though composed in stately language, "Lady Jane Grey" (Kenedy, \$0.25) lacks the movement that holds an audience. Narrative too frequently takes the place of what might better be told by action. Mary Tudor's character is not well drawn. The dramatic shortcomings of "Veronica," by Father Bernardino, C.P., are due in great measure to the dialogue which is not sufficiently rapid. The want of climaxes, especially at the close of scenes, is supplied by five beautiful tableaux. These, however, may be difficult for the amateur to produce with required speed and with the sublimity

that should mark all scenes in which our Divine Saviour and His Blessed Mother appear. "Louis XI" (Kenedy, \$0.25) is a play affording opportunity for striking stage effects and abounding in dramatic action. Here and there the stage directions make the action somewhat unnatural, a defect that can easily be remedied. Those desiring a play for male characters only would do well to give this play consideration.

If we were to recite to five-year-old Mildred such lines as the following, perhaps she would have trouble in supplying the missing word of the last verse:

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet
First she would chuckle, then laugh.
It wasn't a spider
That stood alongside her
'Twas a great, big, gorgeous —!

But if Mildred were given Clifton Leon Sherman's "Dot Book" (Houghton, \$1.00) and a soft pencil she could draw unerringly the picture of Miss Muffet's amusing pet, and the portraits of other beasts and birds and people besides.

Mr. Joyce Kilmer contributes to the September number of *Poetry* a discerning appraisal of Father Gerard Hopkins' verse. Mr. Kilmer considers the Jesuit poet "the most scrupulous word-artist of the nineteenth century," his poems "successions of lovely images, each a poem in itself," and he has searched Father Hopkins' "writings in vain for a figure that is not novel and new." To prove these assertions "The Habit of Perfection," which runs thus, is then quoted:

Elected Silence, sing to me
And beat upon my whorlèd ear;
Pipe me to pastures still, and be
The music that I care to hear.

Shape nothing, lips; be lovely-dumb:
It is the shut, the curfew sent
From there where all surrenders come
Which only makes you eloquent.

Be shellèd, eyes, with double dark,
And find the uncreated light:
This ruck and reel which you remark
Coils, keeps, and teases simple sight.

Palate, the hutch of tasty lust,
Desire not to be rinsed with wine:
The can must be so-sweet, the crust
So fresh that come in fasts divine!

Nostrils, your careless breath that spend
Upon the stir and keep of pride,
What relish shall the censers send
Along the sanctuary side!

O feel-of-primrose hands, O feet
That want the yield of plushy sward,
But you shall walk the golden street,
And you unhouse and house the Lord.

And, Poverty, be thou the bride
And now the marriage feast begun,
And lily-colored clothes provide
Your spouse, not labored-at, nor spun.

Besides the poetry there is abundant matter in those lines for an ascetic's morning meditation. The soft "feel-of-primrose hands" in the sixth stanza are those that close and open the Tabernacle.

This is the smug way that highly respectable publishers announce a prurient novel nowadays:

"— —" is a dramatic setting forth of the doctrine that a person has the right to live his or her life in his or her own way, that only when such tenets are followed can character be fully realized. It is a mature book for mature minds, and while some of the principles which it

promulgates are certain of wide discussion and no doubt of criticism, it will, nevertheless, have to be generally admitted that Mr. — has told a strong story and that he has handled delicate situations with master skill.

What a rare collection of hack-writers' "bromides" there is in that paragraph! "To live her life in her own way" means, no doubt, to treat the Sixth Commandment as non-existent, and those possessed of the "fully realized" character that results from such a course are persons decent people carefully avoid. It would be well if "strong" books of the kind described were as carefully excluded from Christian homes.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Benziger Bros., New York:

Meditations on the Rosary. \$0.35; The Crucifix, or Pious Meditations. Translated from the French by Francis M. Grafton. \$0.35; The Meaning of Life and Other Essays. By Rev. A. Goodier, S.J. \$0.35; The Story of St. Dominic for Little People. By Marie St. S. Ellerker. \$0.35; Breviarium Romanum ex Decreto Sacrosancti Concilii Tridentini Restitutum, S. Pii V. Pont. Max. Jussu Recognitum, Pii Papa X Auctoritate Reformatum. \$8.75; Works of Father Faber. Centenary Edition. 12 Vols. \$9.00.

Webb Publishing Co., St. Paul, Minn.:

The Scope of Charity. By Rev. James Donahoe. \$0.45.

Desmond Fitzgerald, New York:

Idylls of Greece. By Howard V. Sutherland.

George H. Doran Co., New York:

The House in Demetrius Road. By J. D. Beresford. \$1.30.

Henry Holt & Co., New York:

Home University Series: Vol. 86. Exploration of the Alps. By Arnold Lunn; Vol. 87. The Renaissance. By Edith Sichel; Vol. 89. Elizabethan Literature. By J. M. Robertson; Vol. 90. Chemistry. By Raphael Meldola. \$0.50 each.

B. Herder, St. Louis:

Outside the Walls. By Benjamin Francis Musser. \$1.25.

Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston:

The Dot Book. By Clifford Leon Sherman. \$1.00; The Home Book of Great Paintings. By Estelle M. Hurl. \$3.50; A Far Journey, An Autobiography. By Abraham Mitrie Ribbany. \$1.75; The Street of Seven Stars. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. \$1.25; The Poet. By Meredith Nicholson. \$1.30.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:

Germany and the Next War. By Gen. F. von Bernhardi. Popular edition. \$0.75; The Struggle for Scutari. By M. Edith Durham. \$4.00.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:

The Wall of Partition. By Florence L. Barclay. \$1.35.

EDUCATION

Cruelty to Children

The schoolmaster and the public hangman have symbolized ire and cruelty for many a year. But Master François Villon, one who surely may speak by the card, assures us that your hangman is often a bluff, honest fellow, with a proper pride in his grisly office, and at home, a neat little garden of purple cabbages. Touching the schoolmaster, however, few have raised a voice in prose or verse to say that his reputation is wholly undeserved. Horatian authority makes him a mighty layer-on of stripes; and medieval pageant, which had a disconcerting way of getting at the heart of things, put a rod in his hand, quite as simply as it crowned the Emperour with wrought gold, and painted Rumour full of tongues. "I have strange News brought me, saith M. Secretary, this Morning, that divers Scholars of Eaton be run away from the School for fear of Beating. Whereupon M. Secretary took Occasion to wish, that some more Discretion were in many Schoolmasters than commonly there is". Thus does Master Ascham naturally open a delightful *causerie* upon schoolmasters, with a sharp rap at their want of Discretion. True, he afterwards allows that "the small Discretion of many Schoolmasters" may be offset somewhat by the "shrewd touches of many *curst Boys*", but he makes it plain that very few masters have known the value of "Love in teaching children."

But all this is ancient history. Only in England, where judges wear wigs and medievalism survives in sundry curious customs, has it a modern bearing. In his engaging pictures of English schoolboy life, Father Garrold, S.J., allows his

heroes to be "smacked" and "birched" and even "striped," with an earnestness which is truly terrifying. But in the greater number of our American schools these external aids to discipline are quite as extinct as the memory of the hip-pogrieff. Sweetness and love, like a golden cloud, brood over our temples of learning. Our schoolmasters know quite well that Solomon never had them in mind when he wrote his proverb about the child and the rod. Day by day, mothers may entrust their little darlings to the modern schoolmaster with small fear that he will use a club to impress his personality upon them. They may feel quite sure that he will not use it, even should these pampered scions organize a strike, or as a particularly "shrewd touch of *curst Boys*," attempt to fire the school building on Halloween. In these and similar emergencies the modern denatured schoolmaster will find his strongest weapon and defence, in the ready response which will greet his appeal to their sense of honor and innate American love of fair play.

Truly the tables have turned since the days of Orbilius plagosus and his now historic birched urchins. We have rid ourselves, happily, of Mr. Squeers and his tribe. But a future age may judge, that for the cruelties of physical chastisement, we have substituted a cruelty far more disastrous in its effects. We used to think that children went to school to be trained. We had an idea, we simple folk, guiltless of pedagogical theorizing, that training meant something like learning to walk, or to box, or to ride a bicycle with a 58-inch wheel. That is, the process involved striving, perseverance, pain and bruises. Some sharp wit had summed up our views in the proverb that learning made a bloody entrance. And so, if little Jimmy sometimes came home from school, tear-stained and a bit subdued, we did not allow our sympathy to obscure the fact that little Jimmy had been made to smart righteously, and by due process of a just, if bloody, law. In the private execution of this same just law, we ourselves may have told little Jimmy that he would live to thank us, etc. We were quite willing to share our parental privilege with the school authorities. Had any one whispered that we had violated the sacredness of Jimmy's individuality by operating on him with a slipper; or that we had unduly restricted the field of his investigations by too stern a use of the Categorical Imperative, when we had merely reminded Jimmy that he knew well what he had to expect, if he ever *dared* again to pry the dial off the clock to see what made the wheels go round, we should have thought the whisperer a trifle crazy. Perhaps we should have expressed our thoughts orally, and with some heat.

But modern pedagogy justifies the whisperer. Our children must not be dumb, driven cattle, but eager little ones, "with bright faces gladly turned to the shrine of learning." This is at once a misstatement of what was really good in the older methods, and a misapprehension of the facts of child-life. Children do not "gladly turn to the shrine of learning." But they do turn bright eager faces to the glittering tinsel and gewgaws with which the shrine has been hung. Which, indeed, is quite another matter. The mewling infant who raises uncertain hands to the bright moon is not planning a calculation in astronomy. His attention is riveted quite as securely by the flickering night-lamp, if he has one, near his crib. The tinsel and the gewgaws, as well as the bright moon and the night-lamp, will surely catch the child's attention. But if we have nothing more to offer him, let us not call the process "education."

To put into words the fundamental principles of the pedagogy which is finding entrance into the schools, particularly the elemental schools, is not easy. Froebel, who has suffered much at the hands of his commentators, did education a great service by stressing the importance of play and spon-

taneity as a factor in the development of the child-mind. But he never forgot that all play makes Jimmy a very dissipated little boy. He knew quite well that the "you must" and "you must not" of authority was, after all, the only principle which made possible the valuable play-element of his system. Milk for the babe whenever he cries for it, but after a bit a resistant something to help him cut his teeth on. May it not be said that the prime objection to the modern pedagogy is that its diet is almost exclusively non-resistant pap?

The advanced child-culturists puzzle me, writes an essayist in the October *Atlantic*. In life they believe that character-building is attained by man's knocking his head against environment. Why not apply the same logic to the child in school? What sort of mental and moral fibre is developed by having the child in conflict with nothing in particular? How can any one, child or adult, revolt against the mush of the super-Froebelian, super-Montessorian methods of pedagogical non-resistance?

There is something very alluring in the program which considers the child as an angelic being, and bids us develop him by reducing restraint and commandment to the vanishing point, and by encouraging him, on the other hand, to follow freely the promptings of his inner consciousness. The charm rightly associated with children is due in large part to home training. Left to himself, as our juvenile courts amply testify, the child develops the claims of his inner consciousness into the reality of social anarchy. We are all seekers of self, children included. We need to be reminded sharply that there are others in the universal scheme of things whose rights must not be disregarded.

Let the children bump their heads, under direction of course, "against environment." The process will develop, not hurt them. Few adults grieve over the bumps they sustained in learning to walk. Let the children be taught at the outset of life that all things must be subjected to the guidance of authority, and that the pursuit of liberty and happiness is sanctified by a willing subjection to legitimate authority, based upon a supernatural motive. That children should be formed to habits of self-reliance and initiative is an educational principle of value which neither schoolmasters, parents, nor the children themselves are likely to forget. But that the first duty of every child, and indeed of every dependent being, is to obey, is a fundamental truth of far higher value which is not given due prominence in the régime of the modern school. Better far, too much of the birch, with even a servile fear of authority, than the barbarous sentimentality which allows a child to go into the world with a contempt of authority. This is the deepest, most pernicious form of cruelty to children. The child who has fallen a victim to the modern systems of education which, in their programs, write reasonable restraint last, and "an harmonious development along lines indicated by the child's natural impulses" first, deserves our sympathy quite as fully as the slave-child of the mine or the factory.

P. L. B.

SOCIOLOGY

The Federated Catholic Societies

Newman somewhere says that all heresy and schism is the result of emphasizing one part of Christ's teachings, and refusing to recognize that it is only a part, and not the perfect whole. When Our Blessed Lord bade us learn of Him who is truly meek and humble of heart, He did not thereby retract His commendation of the wisdom of the serpent. When He said that the meek should possess the land, it was not His intention to reward affected stupidity and sloth. On the contrary, He advised His followers to learn astuteness from the serpent, and foresight from the children of this world. In a parable which puzzles exegetes who try to read com-

plexity into a simple story, He even bids us make friends to ourselves of the mammon of iniquity.

There is, of course, no contradiction in Christ's teaching. The ability both to do and to suffer must combine to form perfect Christian character. Zeal, aggressiveness, a high sense of honor, readily becomes violence and selfishness, when not tempered by humility and forbearance. On the other hand, the sentiment which prompts a man to be silent, when the honor of God bids him speak out, is not meekness but weakness. Reverting to Newman's judgment, there is reason to believe that American Catholics are, or were until recently, in a state of social heresy. We exalted the virtue of meekness. We laid great stress upon the fate of those who took up the sword. When smitten on one cheek, not only did we turn the other, but we invited the smiter to repeat the chastisement. Our ancestors had suffered for conscience sake in England, Ireland, Germany. To suffer in silence was our heritage; the merest toleration was a boon. There is something magnificent about all this, but it does not represent the whole of Christ's teaching. When St. Paul, whose heart was the heart of Christ, as Chrysostom tells us, preached at Jerusalem, the whole city fell into an uproar, and the tribune hastily gathered the guard together, hearing that all Jerusalem was in confusion. St. Paul did nothing by halves. At Ephesus he attacked the trade of the silversmiths, worthy gentlemen, no doubt, though not Christians, so that they all shouted together "with one voice for the space of about two hours," thereby causing great inconvenience to the town-clerk who was a man of peace. We American Catholics would have found St. Paul a great trouble-maker; which he was. Our countersign was, "Things might be worse." Our policy was "moderation." Our patron saint was Job. What was ours by right we humbly accepted as an alms. We purred complacently when an occasional "broadminded" publicist generously conceded that we might be good Catholics and good citizens at the same time. To change the figure we Catholics played the under dog so gratefully and constantly that our fellow-citizens might be pardoned for believing that we retained this lowly position because we were persuaded that it was the only position we could fill. Except for the hypocrisy, which was replaced by lethargy, our collective name was Uriah Heep. For we were "umble," very "umble."

Thank God, that older timid attitude is daily passing away. Not only do Catholics realize that they are citizens of a great Republic, and that not by favor, but they know that a vigorous defence of Catholic truth, in the face of a systematized campaign of slander, may often be among their most sacred duties. Everywhere there are signs that Catholics are organizing to defend, by peaceful means, their inalienable right to worship God according to the dictates of conscience, freely and without penalty. On Sunday, September 27, hundreds of delegates, representing more than three million American Catholics, met in the Cathedral of Baltimore, and by a solemn High Mass, celebrated in the presence of His Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, invoked God's blessing upon the thirteenth National Convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies. These men had not come together to further selfish aims; they represented no faction, no political party. What they stood for was eloquently expressed by the preacher of the day, the Rt. Rev. Joseph Schrembs, D.D., Bishop of Toledo.

Catholic Federation is a union for defence, not defiance. Its work is constructive, and it is willing to act in harmony with any agency that makes for public welfare. But I am surely stating what must be evident to every man of sense, that Catholic interests demand the formation of a great organization which will unite all forces for the promotion and defence of those interests when they are attacked un-

justly by non-Catholic or anti-Catholic agencies; an organization which will hold no distinction of race or language, sex or party; an organization which everywhere and at all times will uphold the standard of Christ's divine revelation, and think and act in harmony with the Church. This is the meaning of Federation.

The convention did not confine itself to a bare discussion of theory. The report of the National Secretary showed that in the matter of public morality the Federation had proved itself a strong uplifting force in many American cities, where its work had usually won the cooperation of the city officials and of private agencies of reform. By its *Bulletin* and lectures the Social Service Department has striven with much success to keep socialism out of the lives of our working people. The necessity of a personal interest in civic life, and of personal service in the work of the Federation, was brought strongly to the minds of the delegates. "Too long have we been content to let the priests and a few devoted women attend to the religious work of the Church," said Bishop Schrembs. "It is high time for every Catholic to take his stand in the serried host of the mighty army of truth, and to give not a paltry offering, but the best that is in him, himself, heart and soul."

The Convention did a splendid service to the cause of Christian charity and of humanity in protesting publicly against the religious persecutions in Mexico. The resolutions which will be found at the foot of this column, were read and explained to the President of the United States and to the Secretary of State by the Rev. Richard H. Tierney, S.J., Editor of *AMERICA*. Nothing is plainer than that in these resolutions the Federation does not question, even by implication, the wisdom of any political schemes which may have been allowed or enforced by the American Government in Mexico. With political issues as such the Federation has absolutely no concern. But in speaking for those whom brutal persecution will not allow to speak for themselves; in bringing strongly to the notice of the American people and their chief executive the riot, misnamed government, in Mexico, the Federation has sought to do away with a condition of affairs so horrible that it can be believed to be possible only when proven by unassailable testimony to be a reality. These resolutions do not make pleasant reading. But when the secular press holds up as high-minded lovers of liberty ruffians who have murdered inoffensive priests, and who have put upon consecrated virgins the deepest shame that unsullied womanhood can be forced to suffer, it is high time for American Catholics to write it down that they at least recognize neither patriotism nor the veriest dregs of decency in scoundrels who with lust and rapine and murder war against men and women who are trying to make Christianity possible in distracted Mexico. In all this there is no question of politics. The National Federation of Catholic Societies has merely asked that this reign of blood and lust be furthered by no act, private or official, of the American people or of their public servants.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

The following resolutions, adopted at the National Convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies, are commended to the careful attention of every American Catholic.

MEXICAN OUTRAGES

1. We denounce the unspeakable outrages which are being perpetrated against inoffensive bishops, priests and religious men and women in Mexico, some of whom are American citizens. Thousands have been robbed, tortured, exiled, and in many instances brutally murdered. Religious women whose lives were consecrated to the practice of every form of Christian charity have been turned over to what is worse than death, the vile and brutal lust of an inhuman soldiery.

2. We deeply deplore and protest against the inexplicable attitude of silence on the part of our public press concerning these well authenticated outrages. This mighty power for the formation of public sentiment and opinion has often, in times past, sent forth powerful and effective appeals to the nation as a whole for the righting of great wrongs, even in the case of single individuals, as in the case of the missionary, Miss Stone, who was held in captivity by Turkish bandits. The Mexican outrages which beggar all description have thus far been singularly overlooked, whilst the perpetrators of these inhuman orgies have been lauded in many instances as the saviors of Mexico.

3. In the name of sacred religion which has been ruthlessly destroyed; in the name of pure womanhood which has been most shamefully outraged; in the name of humanity whose most fundamental rights have been trampled under foot; in the name of Christian civilization which is being supplanted by a rule of lust and rapine and murder, we most earnestly appeal to our Government at Washington to do its utmost toward righting the cruel wrongs that have been heaped upon our coreligionists in the Republic of Mexico. By reason of the Monroe doctrine, the civilized nations of the earth look to the United States of America to exercise its great power for the preservation and maintenance of the fundamental rights of mankind on the American continent. We therefore most earnestly and respectfully urge upon the President of the United States not to recognize any government in Mexico, which does not effectively guarantee civil and religious liberty in the true sense of the word.

OBSCENE LITERATURE

Whereas, Despite the continued protests of decent men of different creeds the privilege of the mails is still extended to obscene and scurrilous papers, injurious to the rights of conscience as guaranteed by the Constitution, and destructive of sound morality, and whereas a simultaneous protest has already been organized by the Catholic press, we urge that the Federation of Catholic Societies, in support of this protest, request its members to write at once to their respective Senators and Congressmen drawing their attention to this abuse of the mails.

To get the point of view of the persecuted Catholics in Mexico, think what it would mean to you were *your* daughter, or *your* sister among the victims of Villa and his ribald following.

The officers elected at the National Convention of the Catholic Federation are: President, John Whalen, New York; first vice-president, Thomas B. Flynn, Chicago; second vice-president, Julius A. Goller, St. Paul; third vice-president, Joseph Frey, New York; fourth vice-president, John J. Hyman, Buffalo; fifth vice-president, Dr. Peter S. Gans, Louisville, Ky.; sixth vice-president, Joseph McLaughlin, Philadelphia; treasurer, Caspar H. Schulte, Detroit; secretary, Anthony Matre, Chicago.

An article on Benedict XV in a recent number of the *Boston Transcript* is conceived in a kindly spirit, and relates several instances of the thoughtful charity which seems a notable trait of the Holy Father's character. Yet the sketch makes one fear that literary culture is not what it once was in Athens. *Religio Depopata*, is "Priscian, a little scratched," and it is a trifle difficult to recognize St. Bernard's friend, catalogued under his stiff new Boston name of "Malachias." The linotype may be blamed for the punctuation of the phrase, *Nostra, Signora Della Vigne*, but the *Transcript* essayist is responsible for the statement that worthy clergymen are "elevated to the purple cloth." As a final touch, the *Transcript* refers to Wilfrid Ward as the biographer of "Henry Newman."

Mr. C. Lawlor, J.P., died lately in Dublin, Ireland, leaving personal estate valued at \$500,000. With the exception of some moderate provisions for relatives and dependents, he bequeathed the entire estate to Catholic hospitals, churches, schools and institutions. A will of this kind is sufficiently rare to deserve mention; and yet Catholics, if any, should be expected to remem-

ber in their last testament the interests of Him to whom they are about to render an account of their stewardship. They have a last opportunity to put at least a moiety of the goods He gave them in active and permanent service in His cause; yet it is the common occurrence that at the very moment they are making a last appeal for God's mercy, they are willing away His substance to any one and every one but God. It is a Catholic and Christian duty, through life and at death, to give of one's goods to God's interests. He has a great variety of them, schools, churches and institutions, that badly need it; and it is the only property investment that yields a permanent dividend.

The National Conference of Catholic Charities has undertaken to form an Educational Committee "for the dissemination of correct information, and the defence of the claims of Catholic charities." The chief aim of this committee is

To collect information and to receive the same concerning every branch of Catholic charitable activity throughout the world, but more especially in the United States, for the purpose of diffusing such useful information among Catholic people, arousing their interest and enlisting their support in this good work.

It is also proposed to establish a periodical, monthly or bi-monthly, devoted to the furtherance of Catholic social service. A publication of this kind is urgently demanded. Papers, books, and magazines which champion the non-Catholic point of view in ethics and sociology, are numerous, and their influence upon Catholics is sometimes deplorable. An ably edited magazine, discussing in a Catholic spirit the involved questions of modern social life will do much to counteract this evil.

This solemn chatter is printed in cold, bold black type in the advertising pages of the *Yale Review*:

The *State* is written and edited in the quiet depths of a library, where the heat of passion and strife is barred, but next door to the news department of America's greatest newspaper. Information from the ends of the earth dissected in a mental laboratory where the balances are on a solid rock foundation and the standards of judgment adjusted to a millimetre.

The very thought of these editorial rooms in Arcady evokes a hollow groan of envy, from a whole tribe of editors who work in shirt sleeves in the dog days, and shiver and shake like ague patients when the snow flies. But, while seated in the quiet depths of his library, attentive to his own applause, the editor of the *State* might snatch a moment to revamp the concluding sentence of his advertisement. It leaves the impression that he does his dissecting with a pair of scales and a precision screw. Lovers of Lindley Murray will also note that it limps for lack of a small but necessary verb in the opening clause.

Europe is looking less like an armed camp and more like a collection of hospitals, comments the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. The preponderance of young men, some mere boys, whose names are listed in the *Times*' "Killed in Action" column, is startling. The horror of it is appalling, says the *New York Evening Post*:

Must they too, the boys, be herded in the trenches and set on the battlefield to be marks for bullets, or to be swept down by charging cavalry, or to oppose their tender bodies to bayonets? What future can there be for countries shorn of their men and their boys too? The price that is paid is too heavy for any nation to bear, and the horror of it is appalling.

But it is the suffering of those innocent victims of war, the women, the little children and the aged, which shows the deepest horrors of war.

No man writhing in pain on the hard-fought field, fifteen miles away, where lay, after their struggles, so many of the brave—no man suffered more keenly than this poor, harmless victim of the war. . . . No more firing was heard at Brus-

sels—the pursuit rolled miles away. Darkness came down on field and city; and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his head.

Thackeray wrote this of a war that ended a century ago, and in that long century, how short a way we have traveled in the paths of peace!

Out in Iowa is a man with a variegated vocabulary, and a mind of his own. His name is W. H. Van Doran and he edits the *Ladora Ledger*. The admiration which must be withheld from his vocabulary, may fitly be given the mind which prompts Mr. Van Doran to protest against certain "lecturers" who have been defaming convent life. Of these, and their followers the editor writes:

The most conspicuous of these foul-mouthed agitators is a certain disreputable ministerial misfit, a canting hypocrite who by malicious lies strives to steal the honest name of thousands of pure, true women. He is the exponent of a following with whom a dirty yellow dog wouldn't associate. . . . Men whose minds are not mildewed should reach for a club when these exponents of moral filth come into their communities.

"I have yet to learn," says Mr. Van Doran, who is not a Catholic, "just how this country of ours is going to Hades if we should, perchance, elect a man to office who says his prayers in a Catholic Church." He is quite sure that the present campaign against the Catholic Church will soon pass. "Some day these exponents of filth will go just a little too far. Then your Uncle Sammy will step in and deny them the use of the mails, cities will enforce the laws on their statute books, and the whole vile propaganda will end in the garbage heap." Mr. Van Doran's indignant sentences are redolent of truth, even if they do not recall the strong yet delicate phrasing of an apologist like Newman.

The *Chronicle* is a monthly, published by the Protestant Episcopal Christ Church of Poughkeepsie, New York, "in the interests of religious truth, of progress, and of Protestantism." The *Chronicle*'s certainty that the Protestant Episcopal Church is Protestant, is equaled in intensity only by the *Living Church*'s conviction that the Protestant Episcopal Church is Catholic. Very correctly does the *Chronicle* judge, that to give the missions in China, Japan, Mexico, and, AMERICA will add, in Chicago, the name of "Catholic," when they are supported by the Protestant Episcopal Church, is to put the members of that denomination in the position of being ashamed of their family name:

Those who serve in these foreign parts have received their orders as Bishops and clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Their financial support comes from the Protestant Episcopal Church. Their liturgy is that of the Protestant Episcopal Church. If property is acquired, its title must be vested in the name of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America.

This is plain speaking, easily understood. But bewilderment begins, when one reads in another Protestant Episcopal organ, the *Living Church*, that "at the motherhouse in Glendale, Sister Caroline Mary and Sister Helen Veronica were received into the Community of the Transfiguration," and that on this occasion, "a beautiful silver-gilt chalice and paten were consecrated by the Convent chaplain," who is no bishop, but the merest of deans. Charity suggests that the dean was duly authorized by his bishop for this consecration. But it is quite as probable, that the dean thus took unto himself Episcopal functions because his diocesan looks upon the consecration of chalices and patens and similar Romish spoils, as rank popish mummery. Meanwhile, where is the Protestant Episcopal Church to be found, and what is its name? The answers of Glendale and Poughkeepsie do not blend.

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